

CRACK COMICS

NOVEMBER
No. 51

10¢



P9/9

HAS
Captain **TRIUMPH**
met his
EQUAL?





WEB COMIC
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DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottos

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottos which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottos you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

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REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risk. You can return all the mottos you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO

CREDIT SALES COMPANY

406 North Main Street P. O. Box 100 Normal, Illinois

Dept. 2-11

Captain TRIUMPH

So you don't believe
in werewolves?

Neither did Captain Triumph
...until he met one in a
struggle that could not end
until one fighter was
DESTROYED!

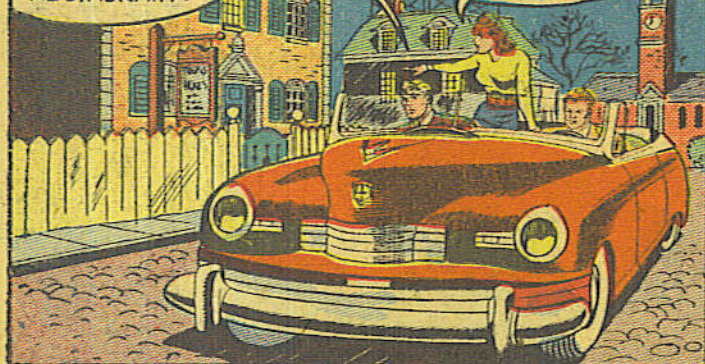
For it was a cursed creature,
against which normal
defenses were futile, and
even the miraculous
strength and courage of
Captain Triumph had to
be rallied to the fullest!

When Lance Gallant touches
the strange birthmark on
his wrist, the ghost of his
valiant brother Michael
merges with him into the
indestructible, invincible
Captain TRIUMPH!

Lance Gallant and his pals Kim and Biff have just completed an adventure...they *THINK*!

WE LOST THE ROAD SOMEHOW! THIS DUMP DOESN'T HAVE A HOTEL... NOT EVEN A RESTAURANT!

LOOK! A TOURIST HOUSE! MAYBE WE CAN STOP THERE FOR THE NIGHT!



WHO... WHO'S THERE?

SOME LATE CUSTOMERS! OPEN UP AND LET US IN!



NOBODY IN THIS TOWN OPENS THE DOOR ON *THIS* NIGHT! GET AWAY OR I'LL FIRE THROUGH THE PANEL... AND THIS GUN'S GOT A *SILVER* BULLET!

SAVE YOUR AMMUNITION... IT SOUNDS EXPENSIVE! WE NEVER BARGE IN WHERE WE'RE NOT WELCOME!



DID YOU HEAR THAT, BIFF? A SILVER BULLET... AS IF WE WERE SOME KIND OF EVIL SPIRITS! WHERE IS KIM GOING?

SHE SAW SOME-BODY MOVING DOWN THE STREET! SHE DECIDED TO ASK IF...



AHHH!

IT'S KIM! COME ON!



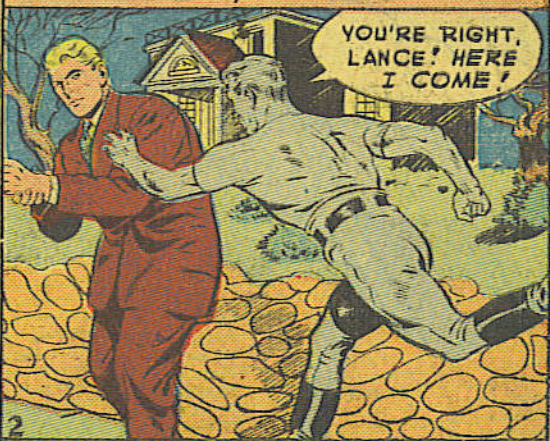
WHAT'S UP? WHO ARE YOU? WHATCHA TRYING TO DO?

ANOTHER FOOL!

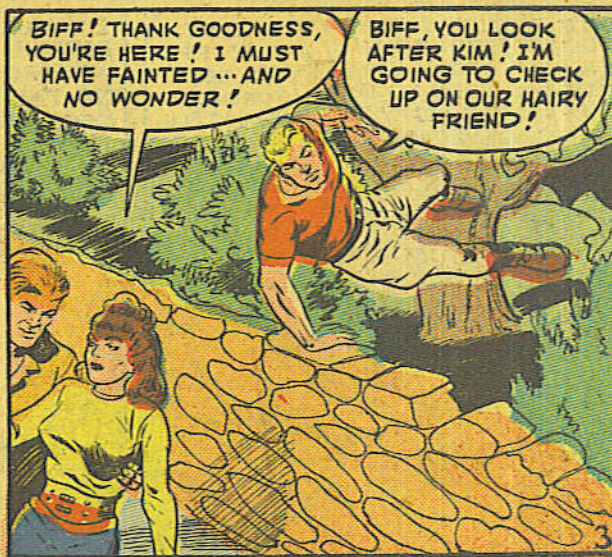
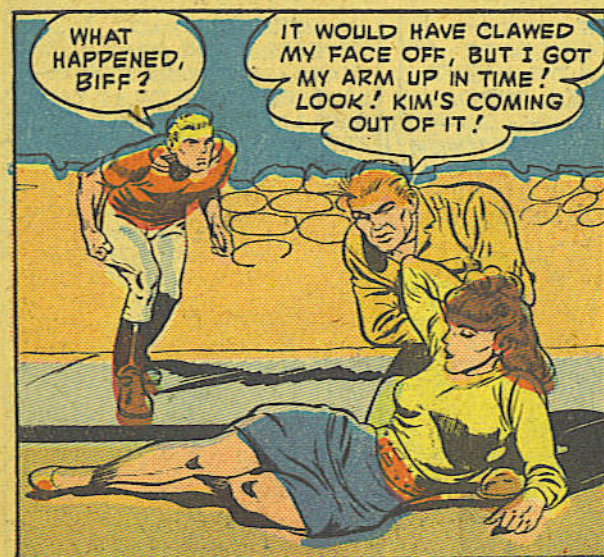


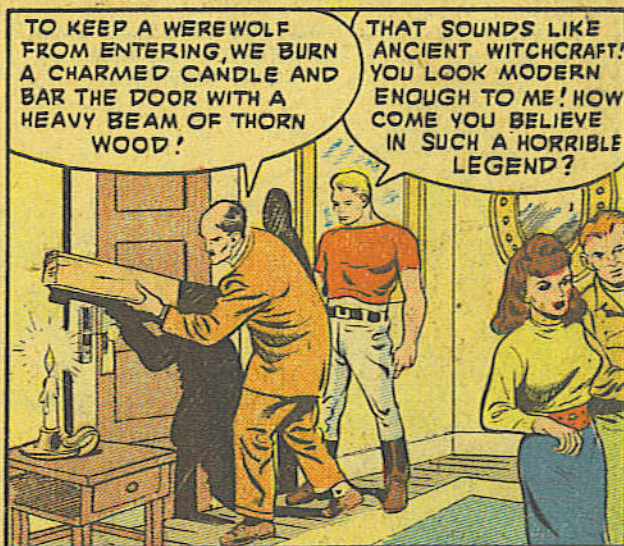
Pausing for a moment, Lance touches the mark on his wrist to call forth the spirit of his dead twin brother, Michael....

YOU'RE RIGHT, LANCE! HERE I COME!



The two merge to become the indomitable Captain Triumph!





SINCE YOU'VE STUDIED THE LEGEND, JUST WHAT IS A WEREWOLF?

ONE WHO CAN CHANGE SHAPE TO SOMETHING NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST... BUT WORSE THAN EITHER! IT IS MURDEROUS... POWERFUL! IT CAN CLIMB, FLY, AND SMASH DOWN DOORS NOT PROTECTED BY CHARMS! HAVING KILLED ITS VICTIM, IT TURNS BACK INTO A MAN, AND NONE CAN TRACE IT!



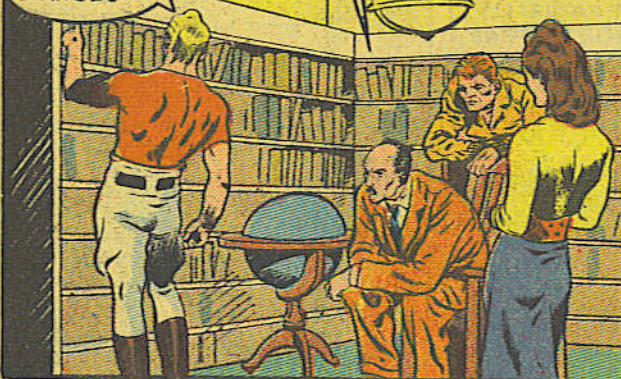
A CHANGE OF SHAPE AND PERSONALITY! THAT SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE... EVEN THOUGH I HAD, A CLOSE LOOK AT THAT UGLY CREATURE MYSELF!

CATERPILLARS CHANGE INTO BUTTERFLIES, TADPOLES CHANGE INTO FROGS, AND YOU, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH... WELL, WHY SHOULD WEREWOLVES BE IMPOSSIBLE?



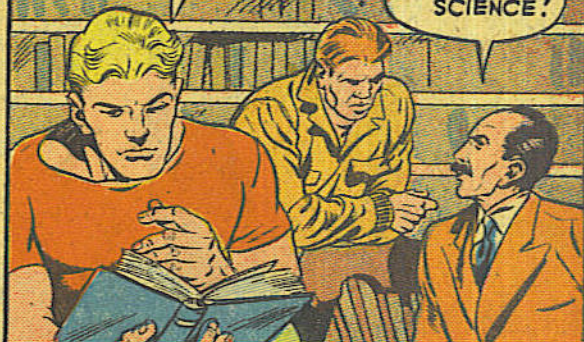
I SEE YOU'VE GOT AN OLD BOOK ABOUT WEREWOLVES! LIKE-WISE WORKS ON MEDICINE... GLANDULAR CHANGES...

MY STUDIES HAVE BEEN CONSIDERABLE! I HOPE TO LEARN THE EXACT WAY THAT THE WEREWOLF CHANGE IS MADE!



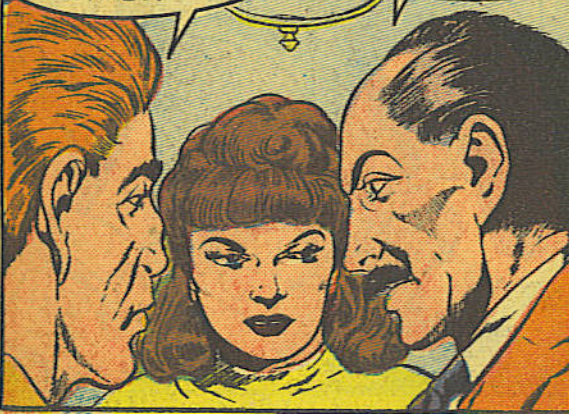
THIS BOOK ABOUT GLANDS TELLS US THAT A BIG CHANGE IN SECRETIONS MAY CAUSE A CHANGE IN APPEARANCE AND PERSONALITY... BUT THAT TAKES YEARS!

YOU ARE INCLINED TO BELIEVE ME, MY FRIEND! IT MAY BE THAT CHANGES ARE SPEEDED UP... BY METHODS UNKNOWN TO ORDINARY SCIENCE!



ANYWAY, YOU GOT PLENTY O'NERVE, MR. RAFFREY... BELIEVING THESE THINGS, YET COMING OUTSIDE WHEN NOBODY ELSE DARES!

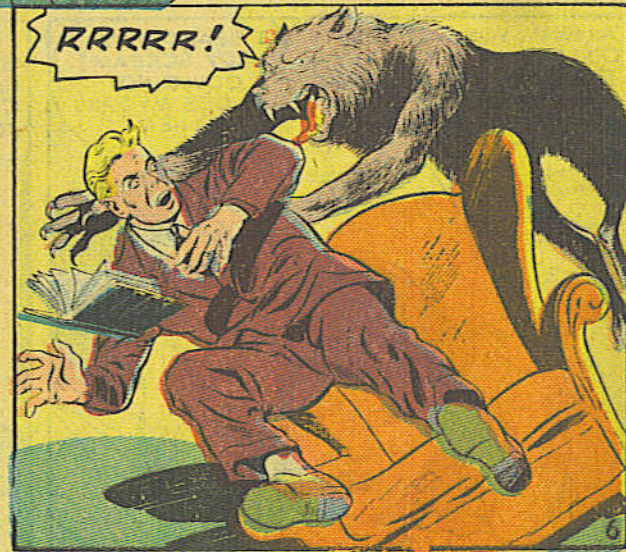
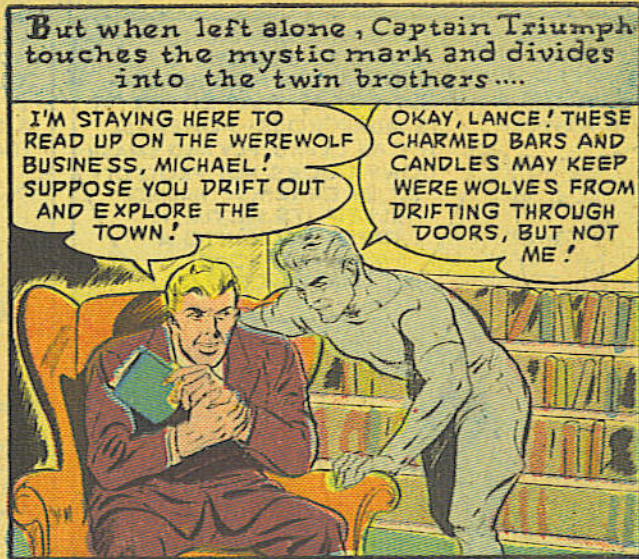
I HEARD THIS LADY SCREAM! I COULD NOT CLOSE MY EARS TO HER!

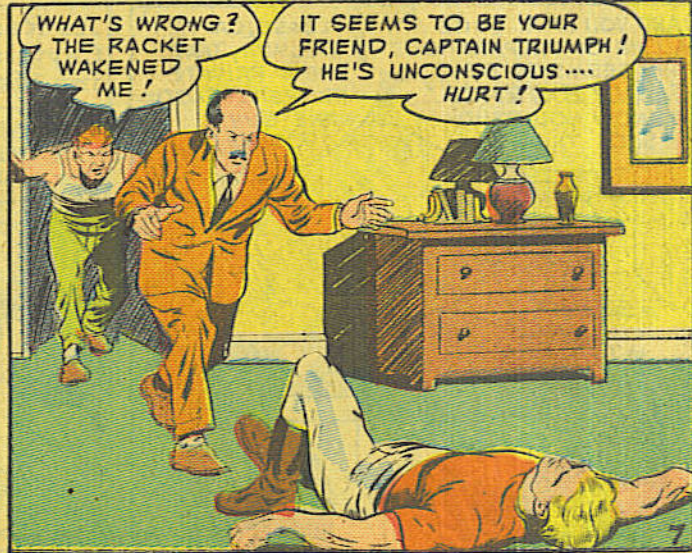
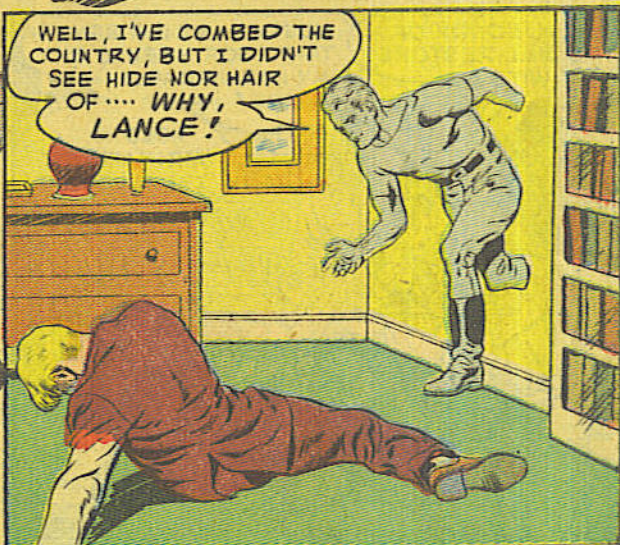
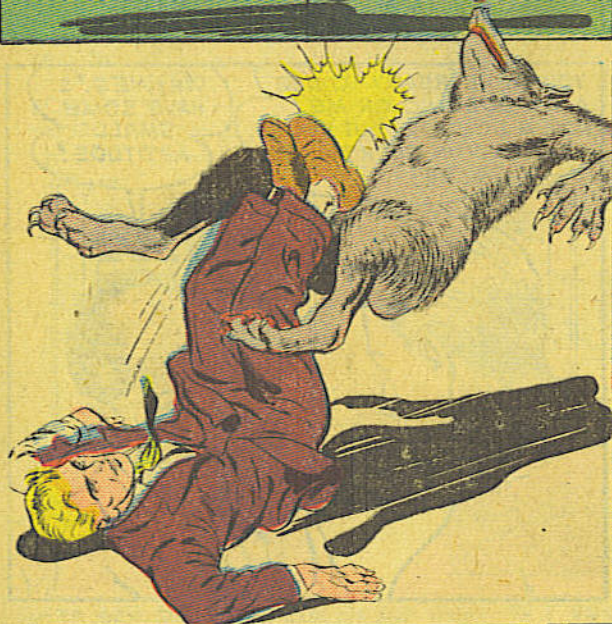
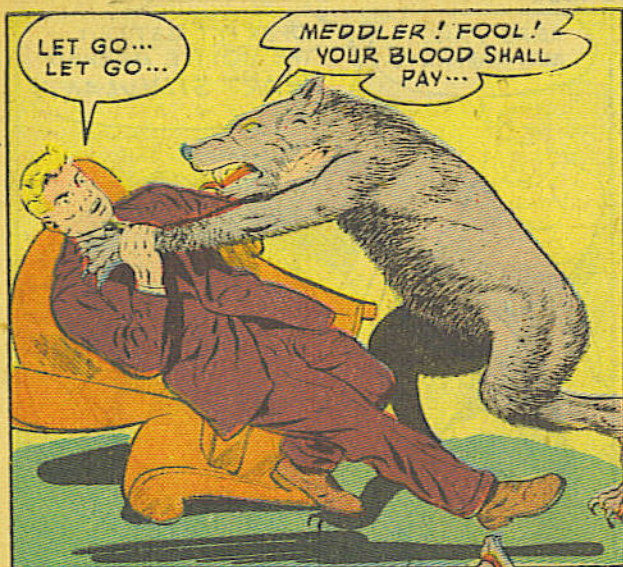


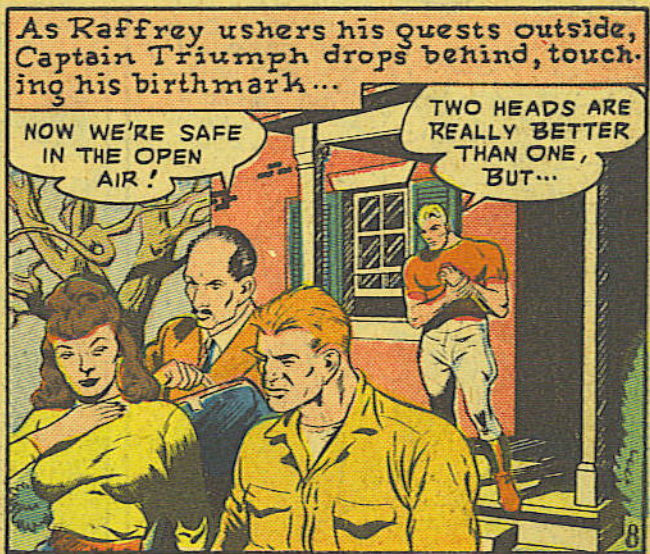
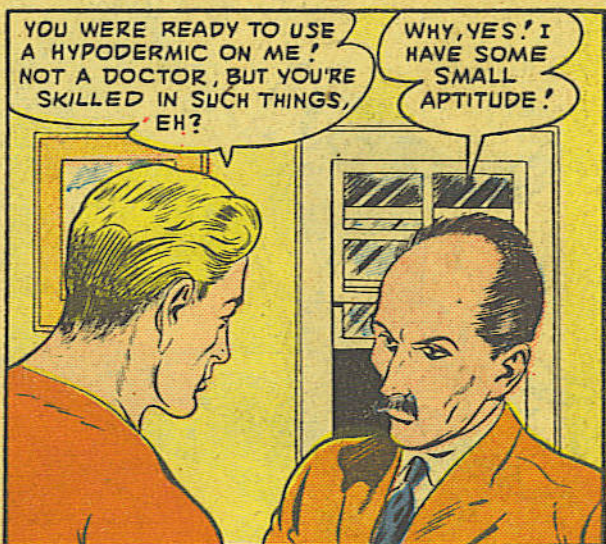
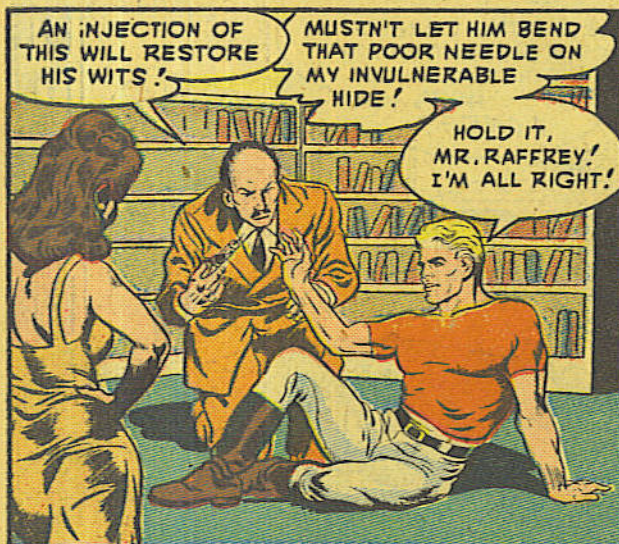
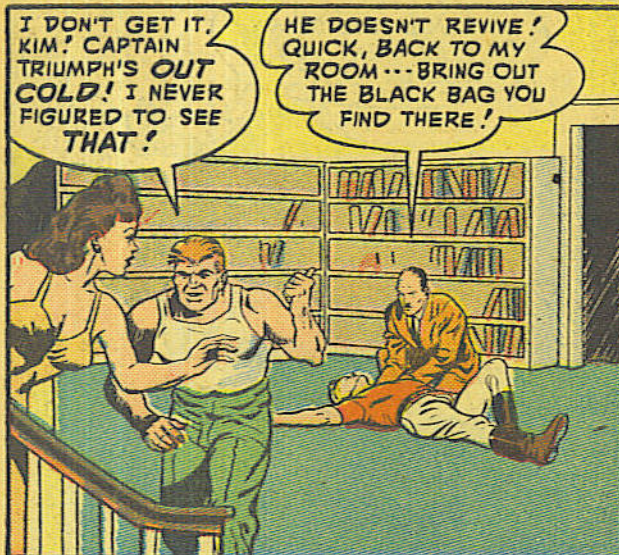
BUT DAWN WILL BRING SAFETY! YOU CAN STAY AND CONTINUE YOUR JOURNEY THEN!

THE MOON REMAINS FULL TOMORROW NIGHT! WE'LL WAIT AND HOPE FOR ANOTHER MEETING WITH MR. WEREWOLF!









...Lance and Michael separate their personalities and confer ...

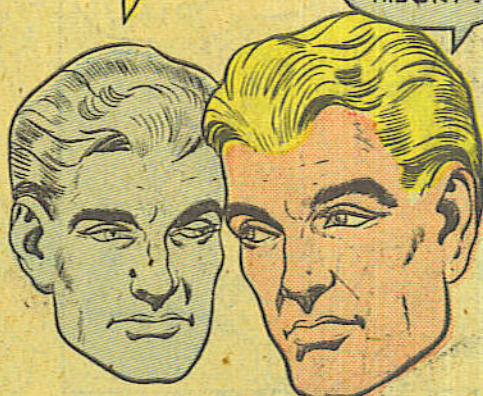
AS CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WAS SAYING ABOUT TWO HEADS ... JUST NOW OUR TWO HEADS WERE THE SAME HEAD!

WHICH MEANS YOU KNOW WHAT I KNOW, MICHAEL ... SAW WHAT I SAW AND GUESSED WHAT I GUESSED!



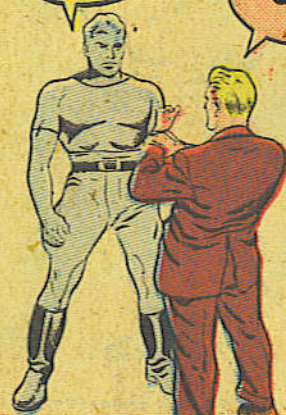
FOR INSTANCE, THE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE ... THE GLAND MEDICINE ... RAFFREY'S STRANGE SKILL AND KNOWLEDGE!

AND THE WERE-WOLF, ITSELF! **INSIDE** HERE, NOT OUTSIDE! DO YOU AGREE WITH MY THEORY?



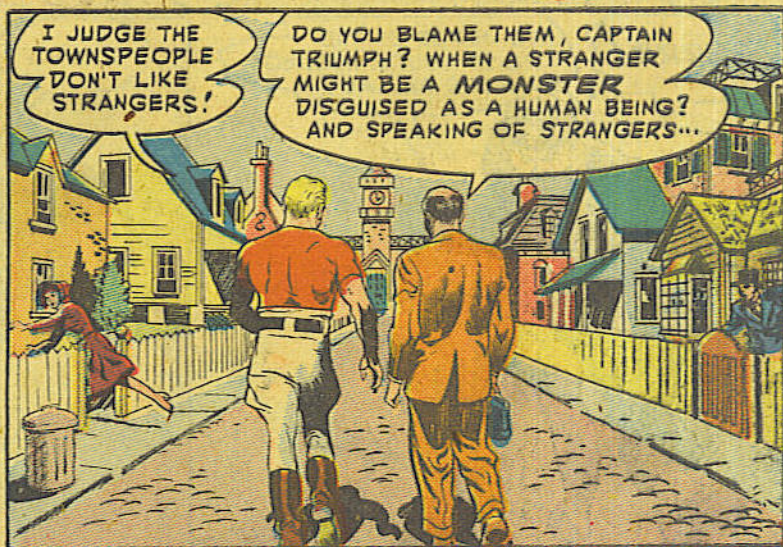
YES, BUT IT'S ONLY A THEORY, SO FAR! TONIGHT WE MAY **PROVE** IT!

LET'S BE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH AGAIN AND JOIN THE OTHERS!



I JUDGE THE TOWNSPEOPLE DON'T LIKE STRANGERS!

DO YOU BLAME THEM, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH? WHEN A STRANGER MIGHT BE A **MONSTER** DISGUISED AS A HUMAN BEING? AND SPEAKING OF STRANGERS...



THERE ARE ONLY **THREE** OF YOUR PARTY! YET WASN'T ANOTHER STRANGER AROUND LAST NIGHT, A YOUNG MAN RATHER LIKE YOURSELF IN APPEARANCE, BUT DRESSED DIFFERENTLY AND NOT QUITE SO **RUGGED**?

YOU WERE GOING TO SUGGEST...

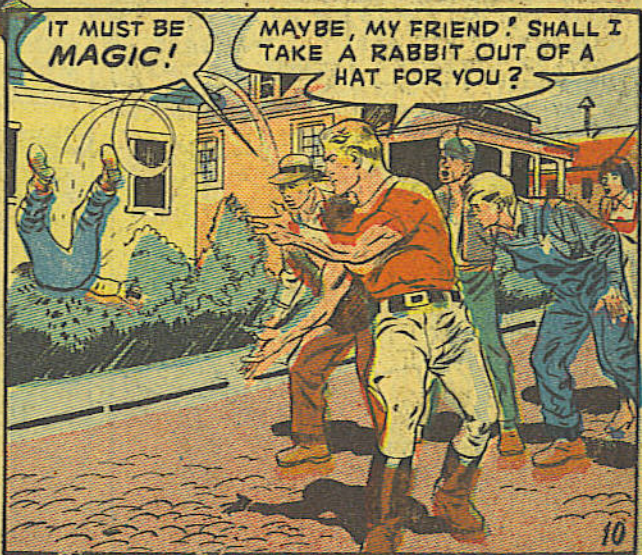
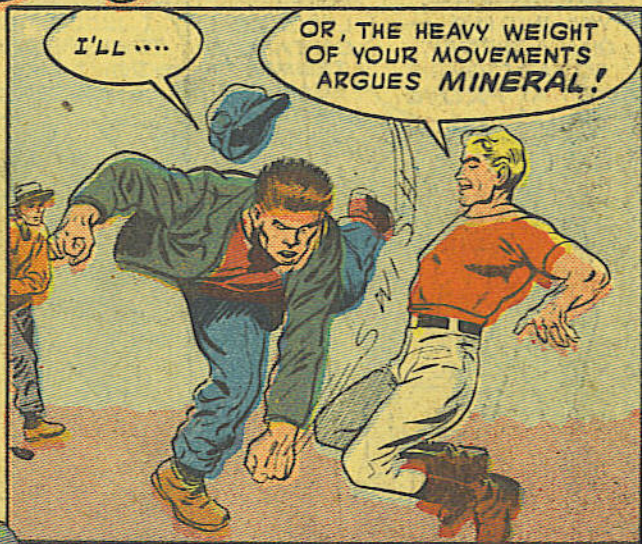
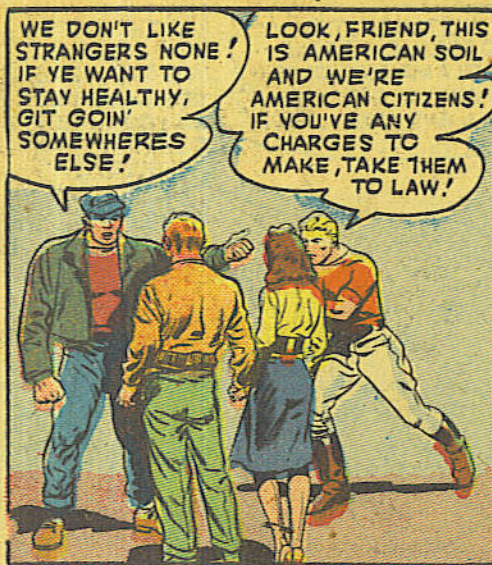


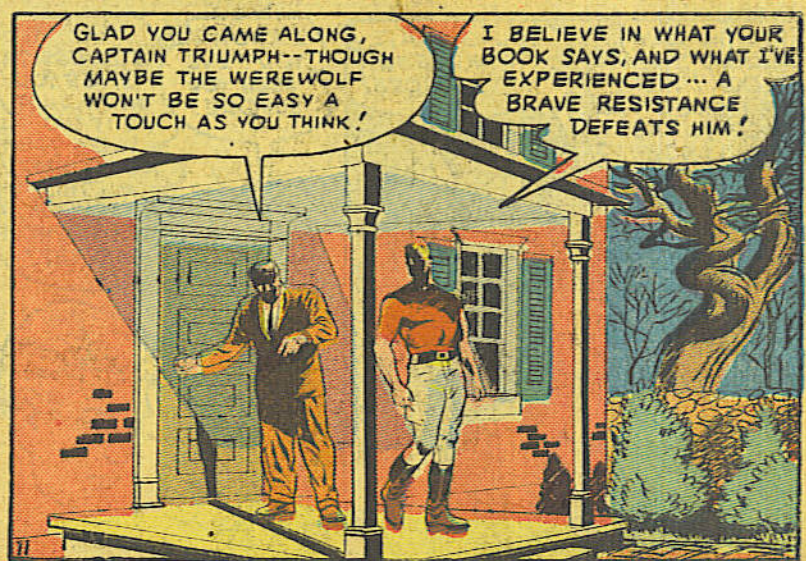
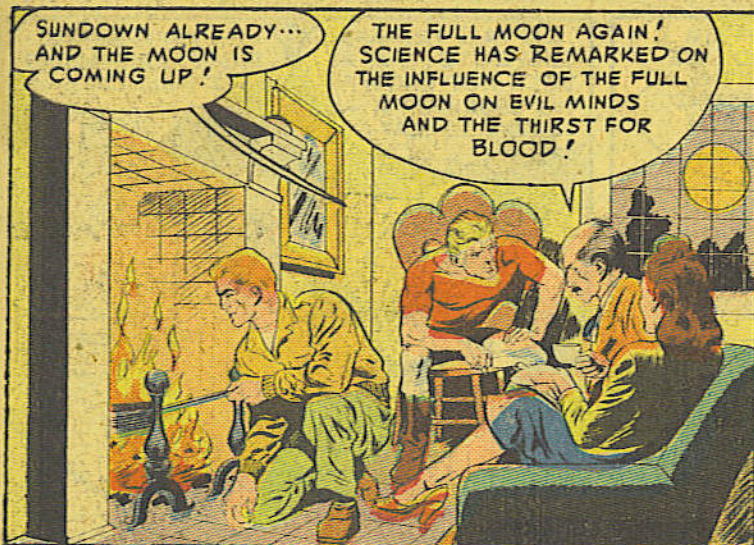
YES! SUCH A ONE MIGHT BE THE MYSTERIOUS **WEREWOLF**!

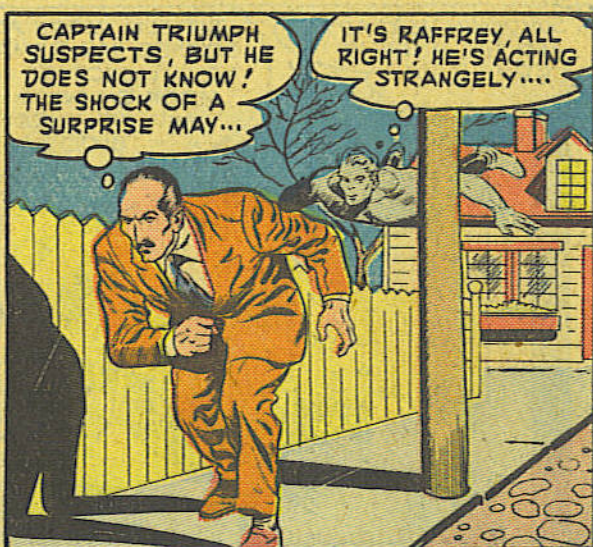
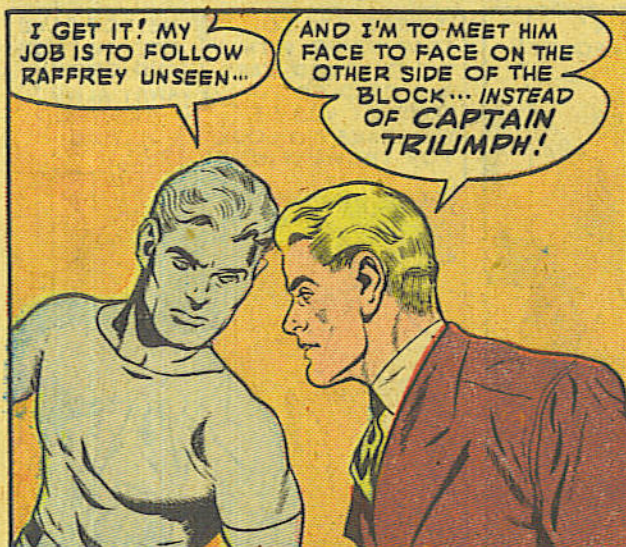
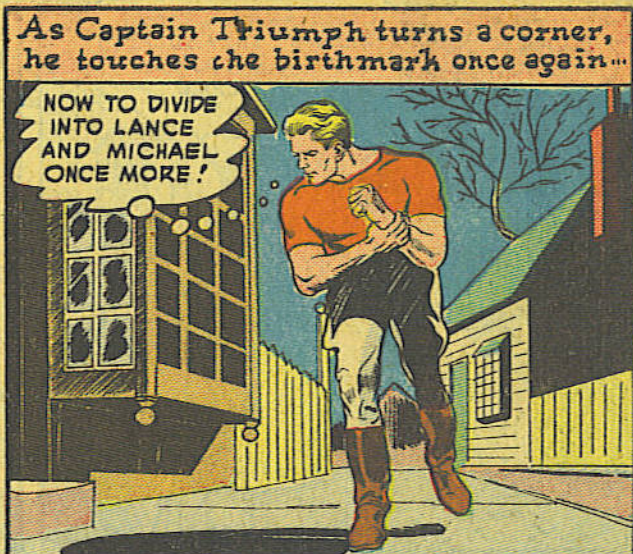
WAIT! SOMEONE'S BLUSTERING AT BIFF AND KIM!

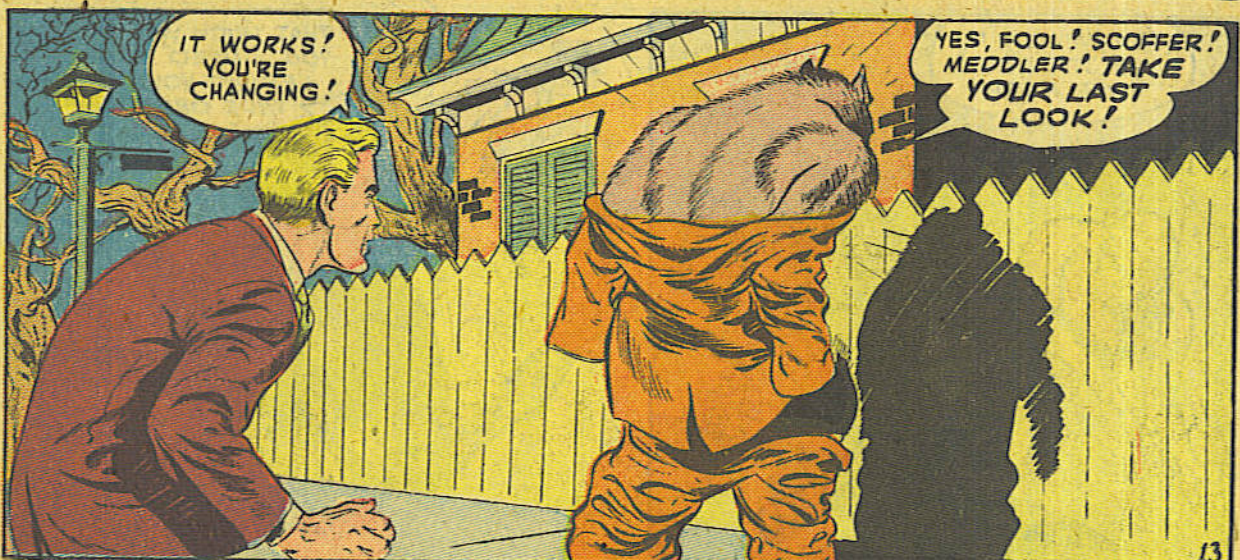
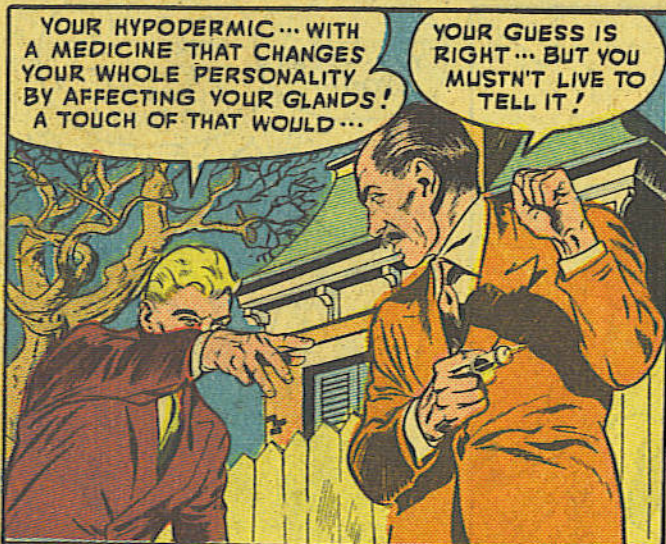
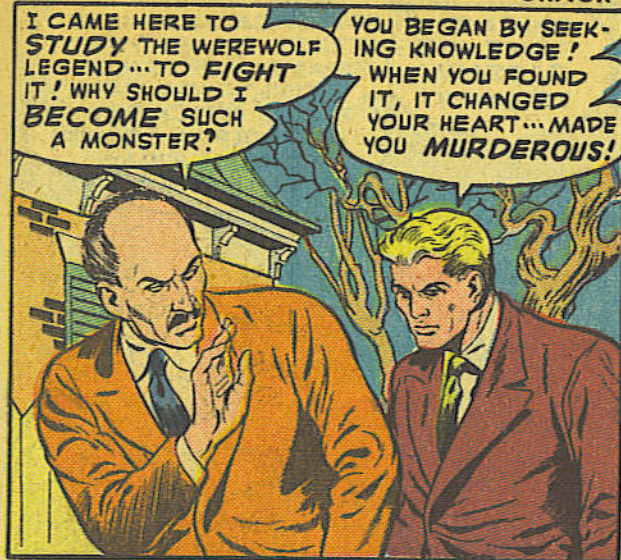
NOW, LISTEN, YOU TWO...

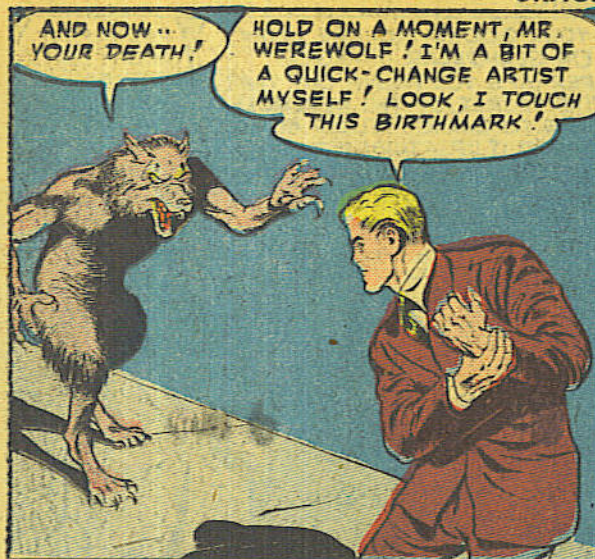














HE'S KNOCKED COLDER THAN A WEDGE... BUT HE KEPT THE WEREWOLF SHAPE! NOW I MUST TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS HOUSE!



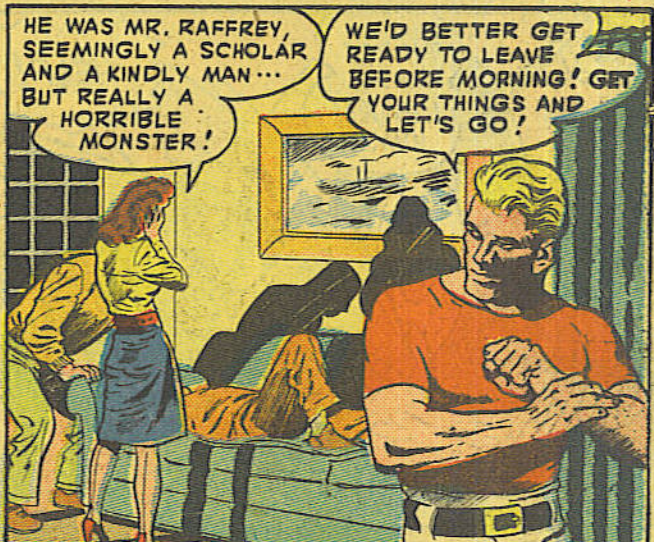
CAP! AND YOU CAPTURED THAT...

YES, THE WEREWOLF! LET ME PUT HIM ON THE SOFA!



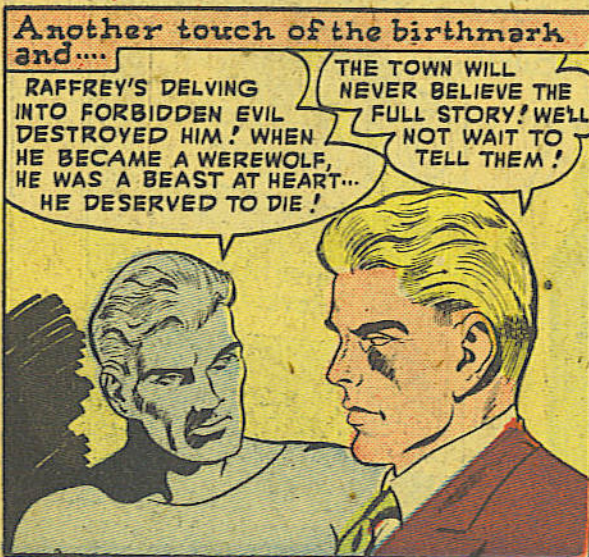
HE'S DYING! THE BLOW I STRUCK HIM WAS TOO MUCH, EVEN FOR SUCH A CREATURE!

LOOK... HE CHANGES! HE'S CHANGING INTO...



HE WAS MR. RAFFREY, SEEMINGLY A SCHOLAR AND A KINDLY MAN... BUT REALLY A HORRIBLE MONSTER!

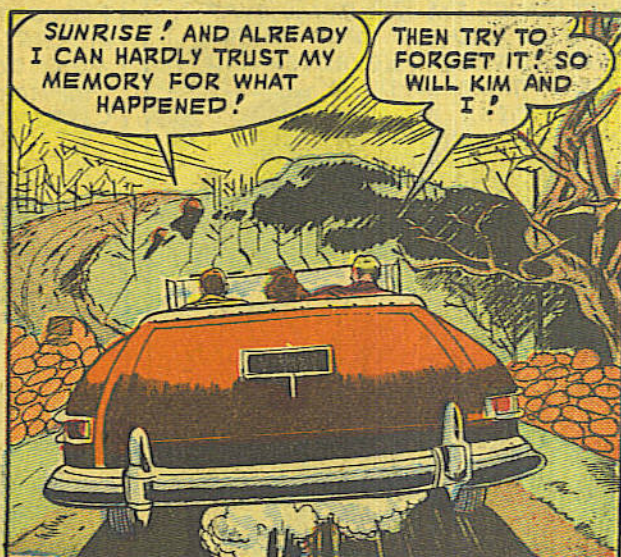
WE'D BETTER GET READY TO LEAVE BEFORE MORNING! GET YOUR THINGS AND LET'S GO!



Another touch of the birthmark and....

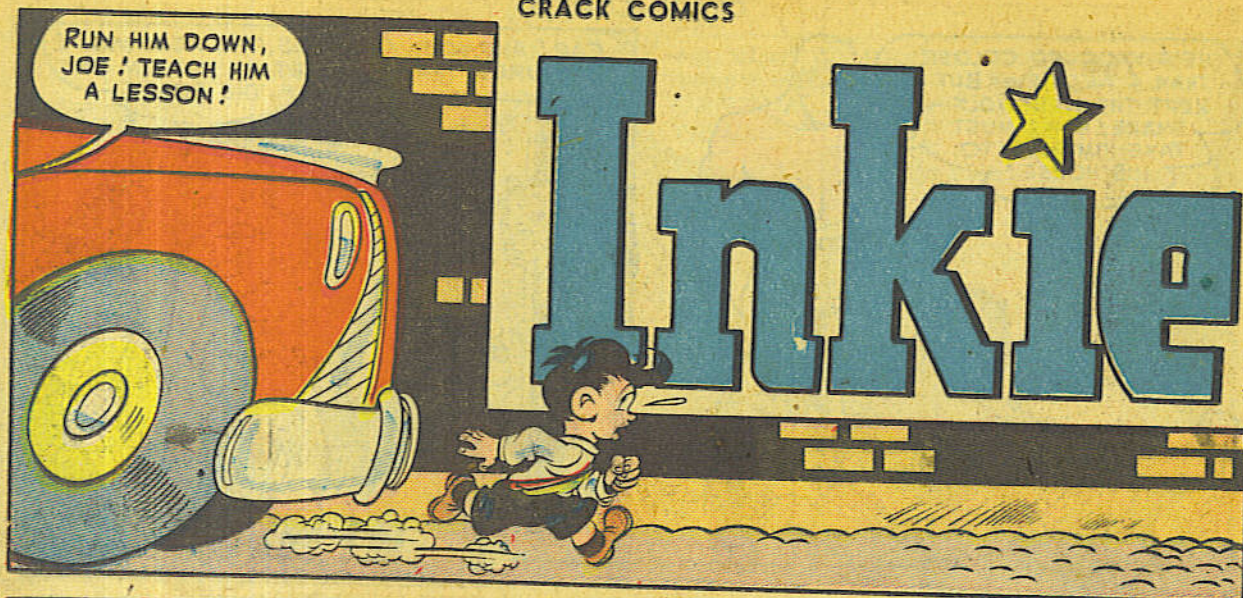
RAFFREY'S DELVING INTO FORBIDDEN EVIL DESTROYED HIM! WHEN HE BECAME A WEREWOLF, HE WAS A BEAST AT HEART... HE DESERVED TO DIE!

THE TOWN WILL NEVER BELIEVE THE FULL STORY! WE'LL NOT WAIT TO TELL THEM!



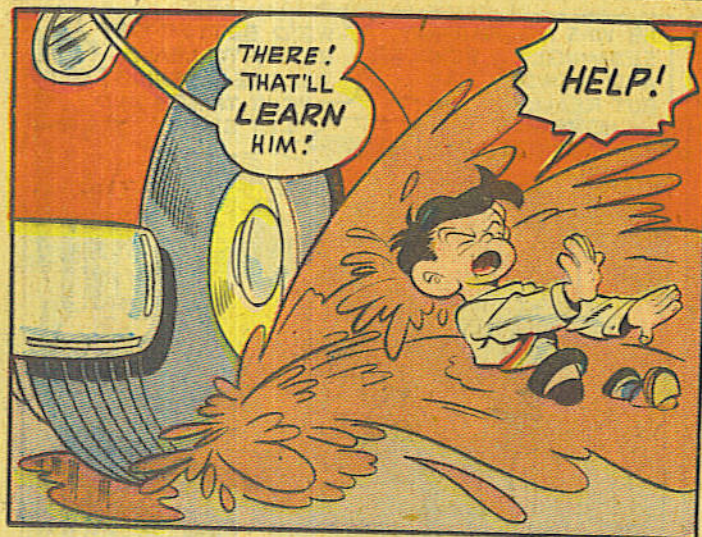
SUNRISE! AND ALREADY I CAN HARDLY TRUST MY MEMORY FOR WHAT HAPPENED!

THEN TRY TO FORGET IT! SO WILL KIM AND I!



RUN HIM DOWN,
JOE! TEACH HIM
A LESSON!

Inkie★



THERE!
THAT'LL
LEARN
HIM!

HELP!

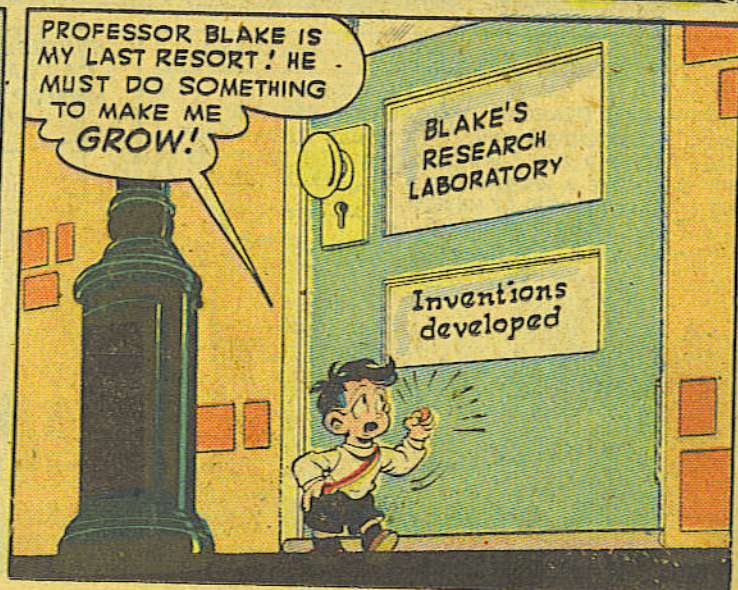


THIS IS YOUR LAST
WARNING, INKIE!
EITHER YOU JOIN
OUR ORGANIZATION
TODAY OR YOU'RE A
DEAD SHRIMP!

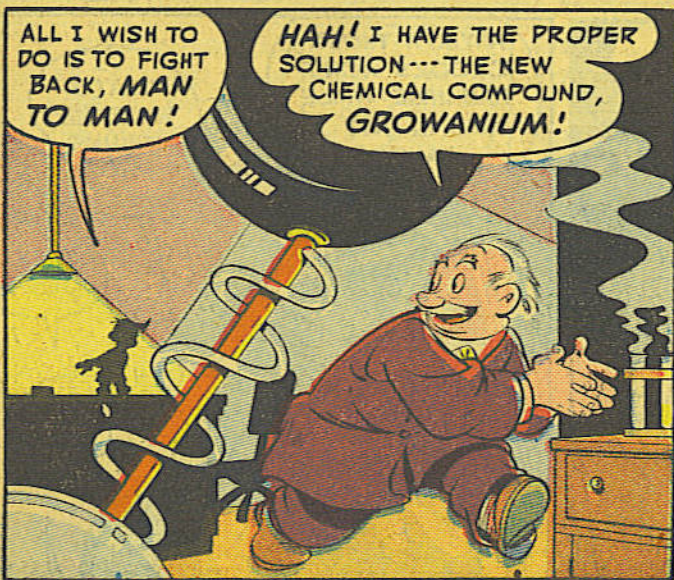
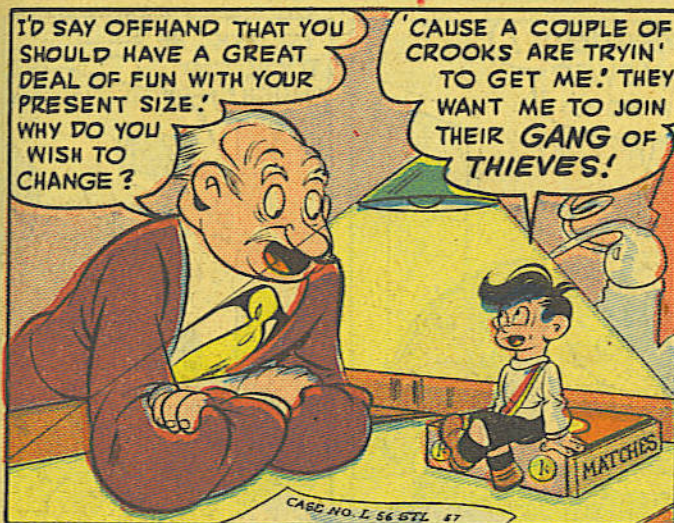
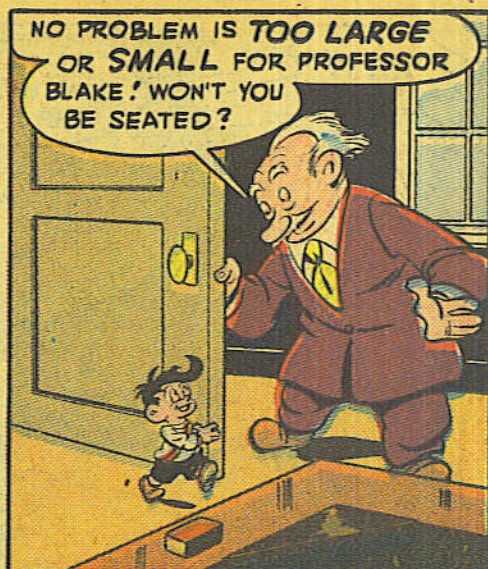
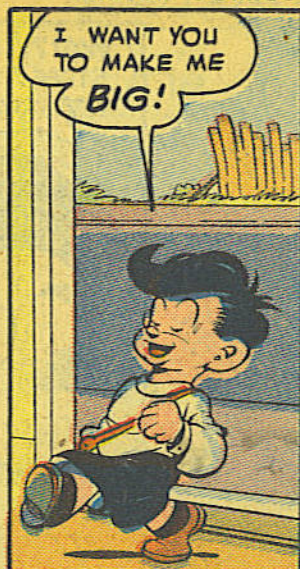
HMF!

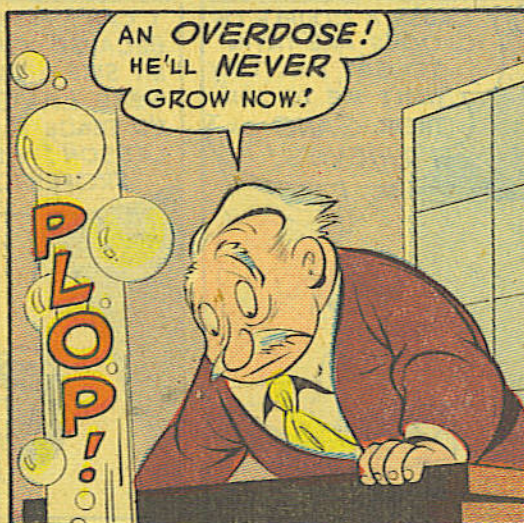
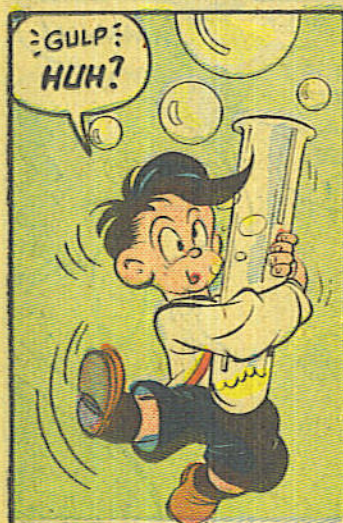
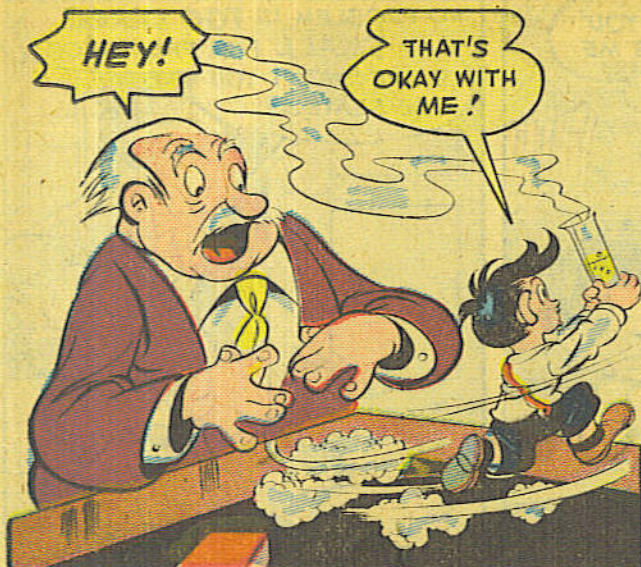


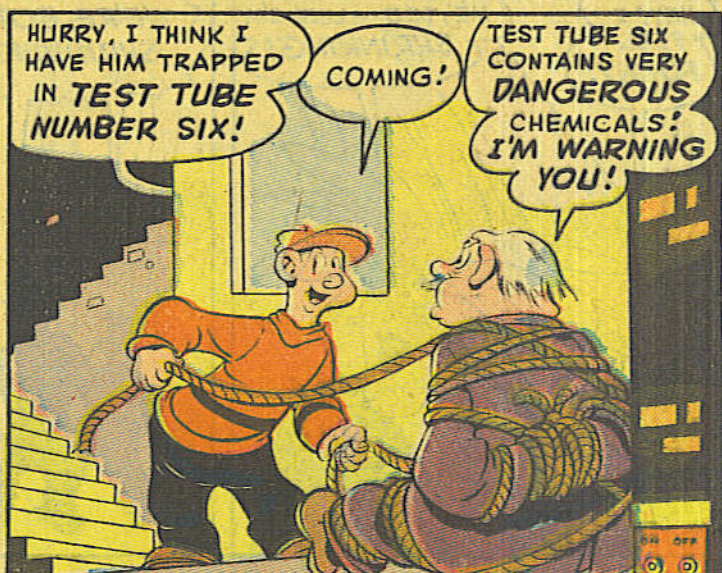
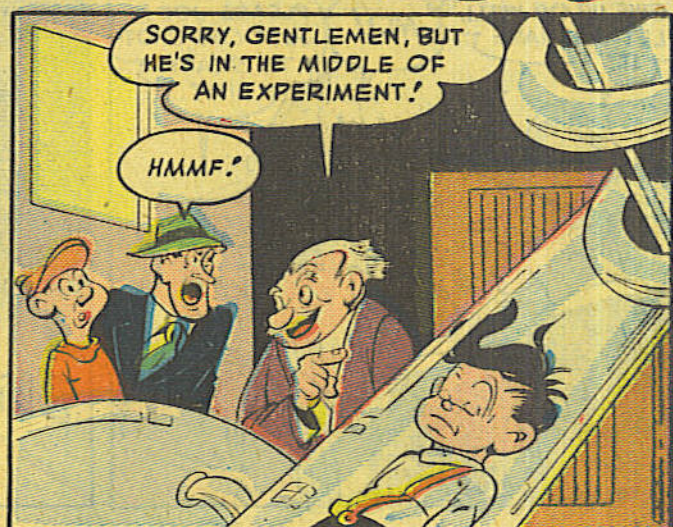
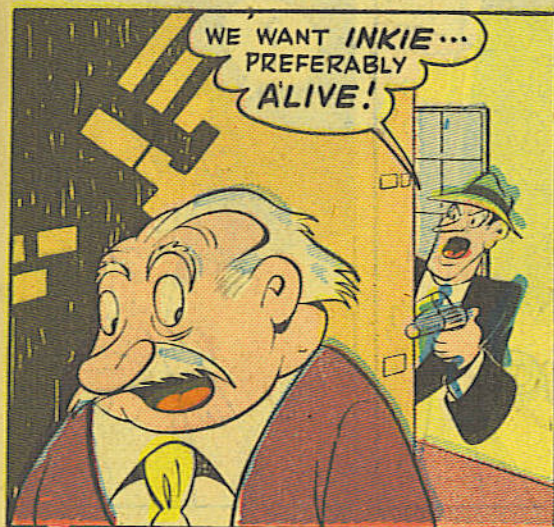
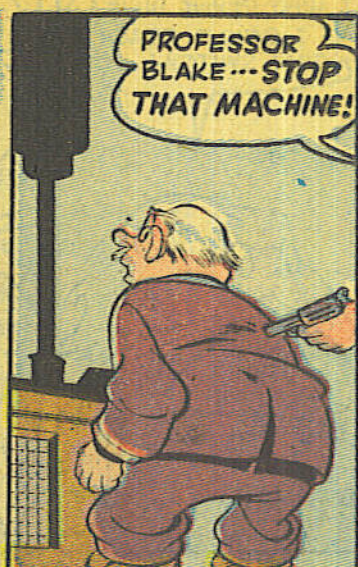
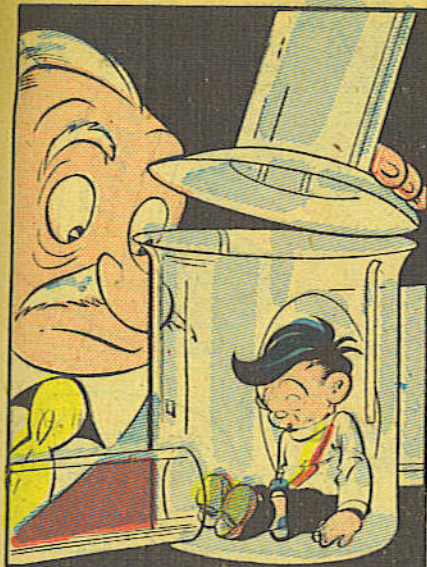
JUST 'CAUSE I'M SO SMALL, THAT
GANG OF CROOKS WANT ME TO
CRAWL THROUGH KEYHOLES AND
ASSIST THEM IN THEIR
ACTIVITIES!

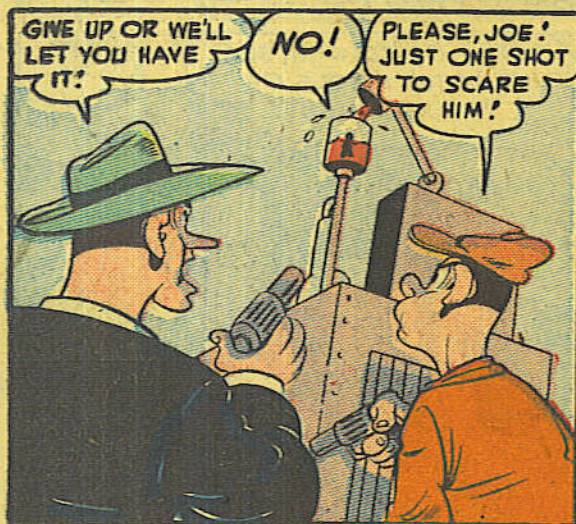
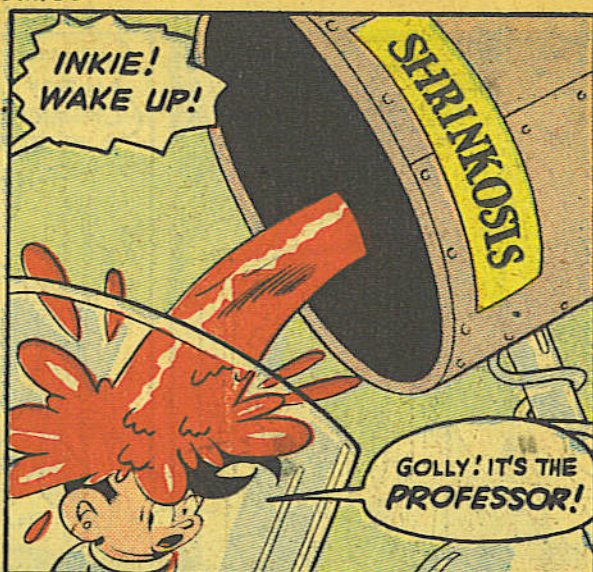


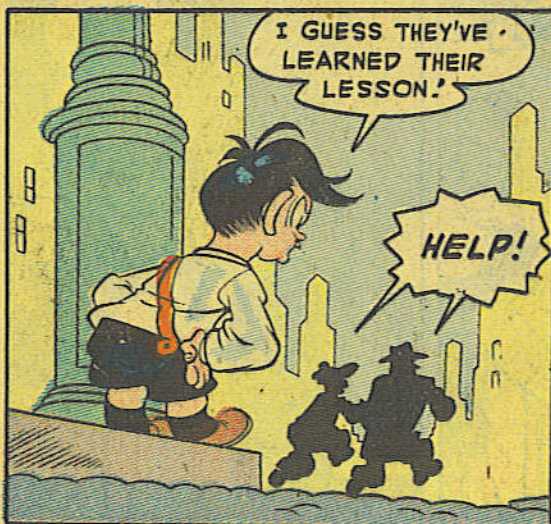
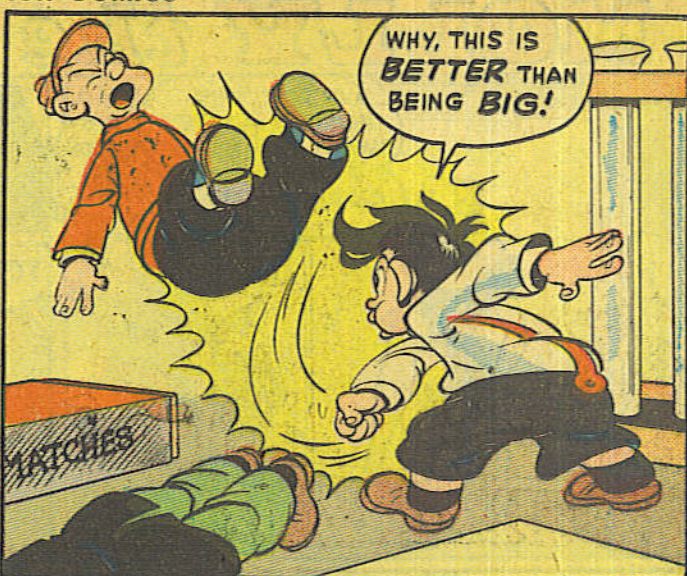
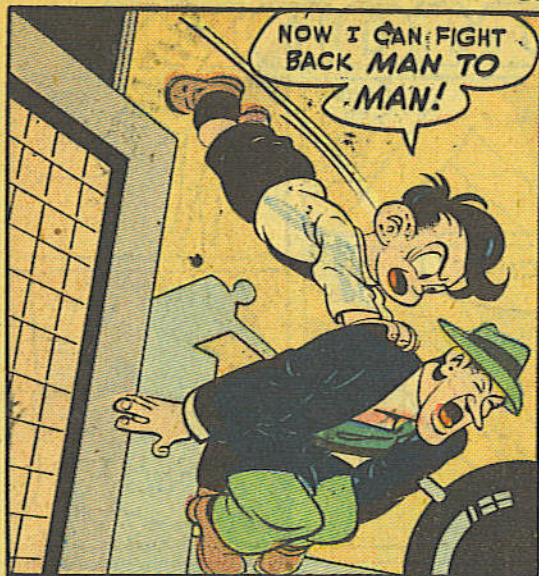
PROFESSOR BLAKE IS
MY LAST RESORT! HE
MUST DO SOMETHING
TO MAKE ME
GROW!



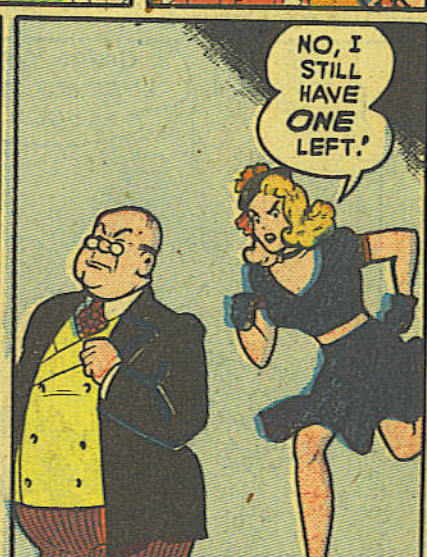
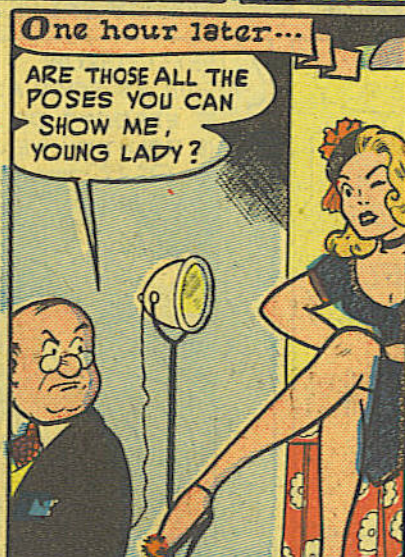
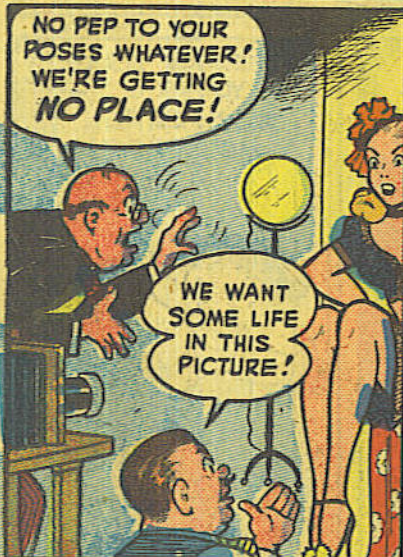
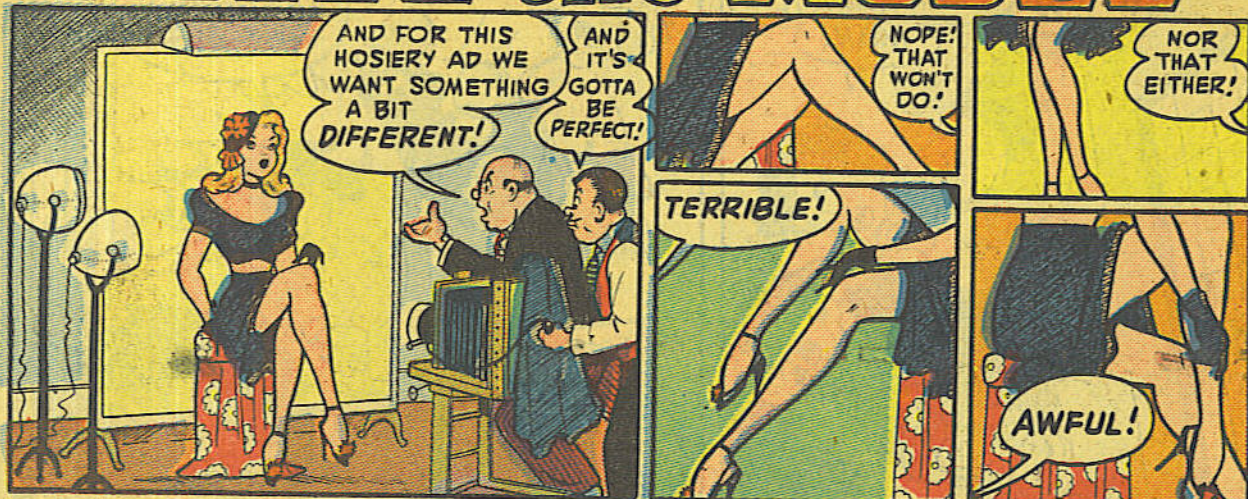




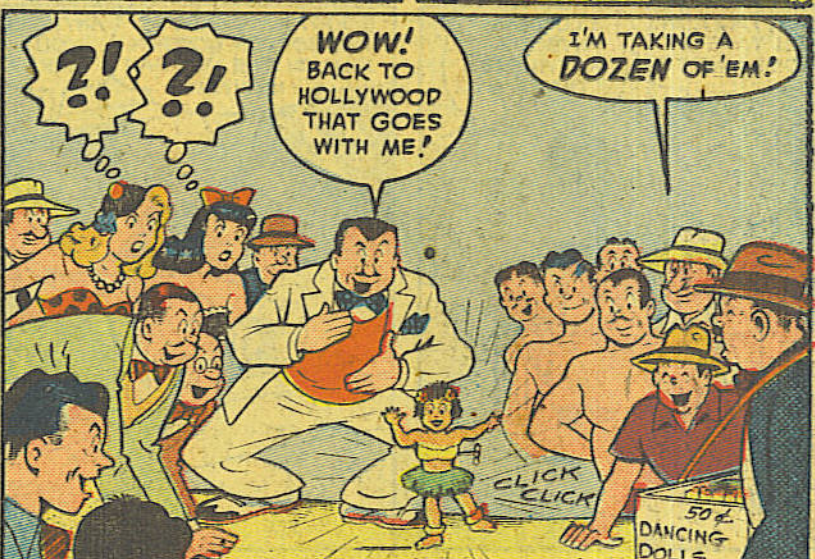
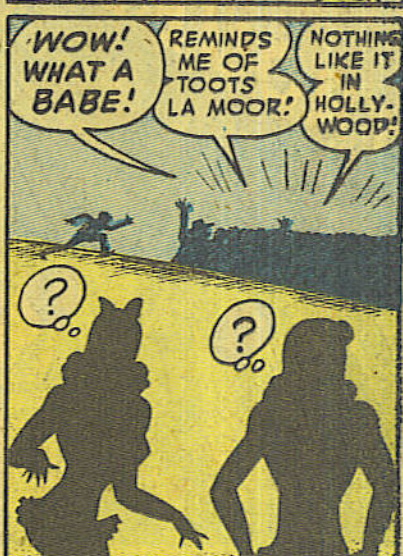
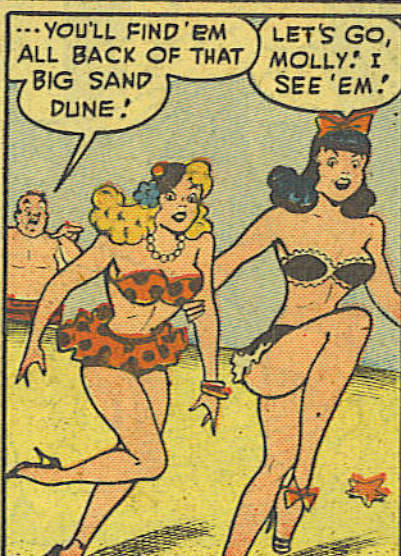
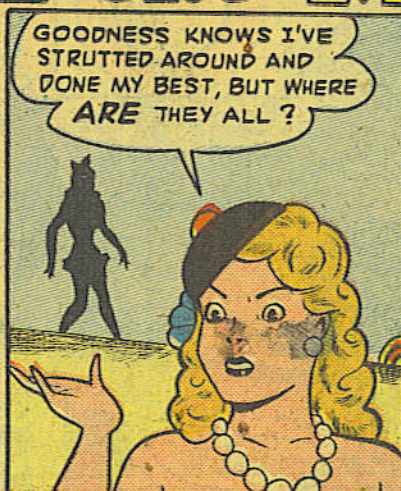
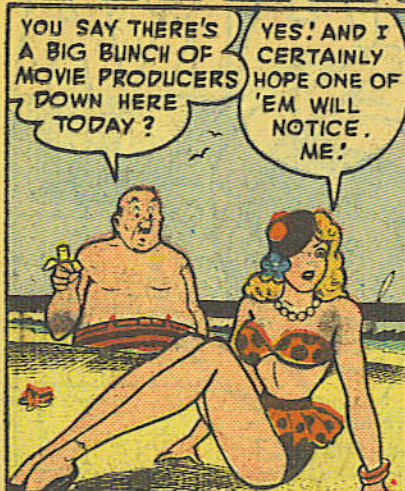




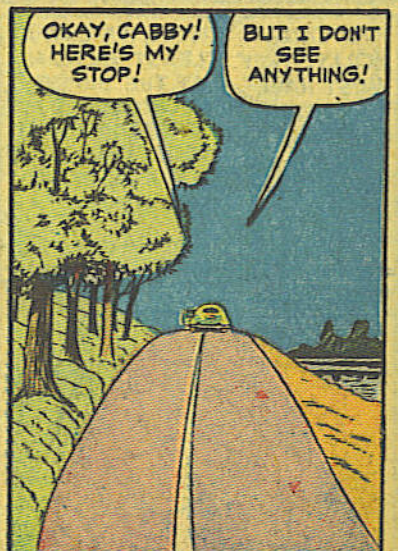
MOLLY the MODEL

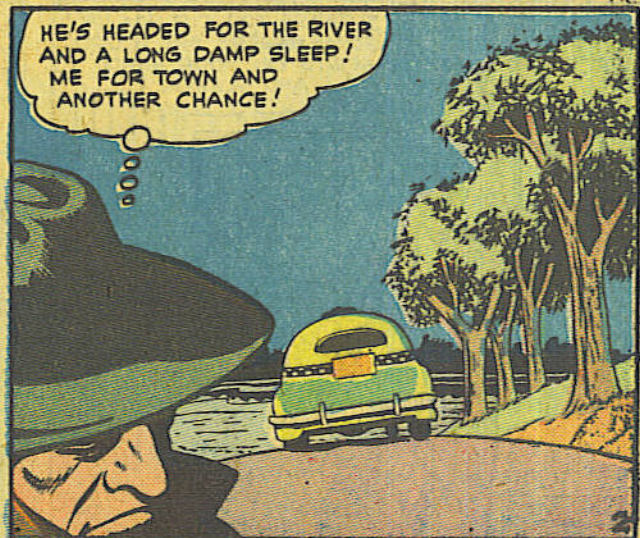
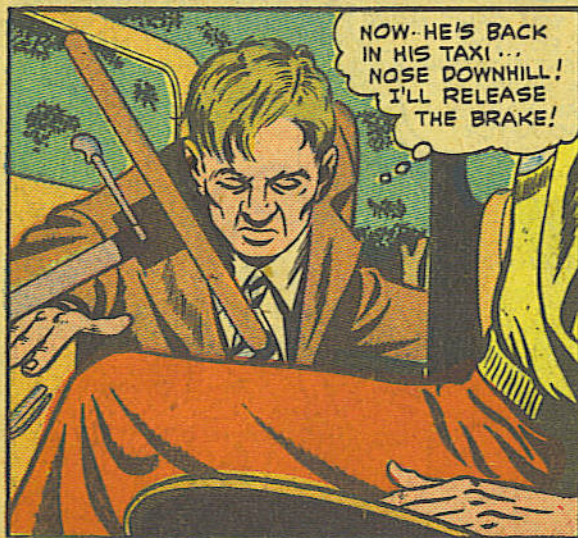
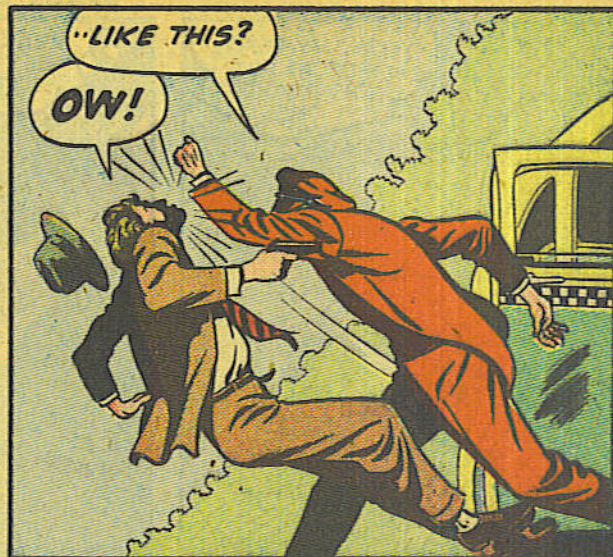


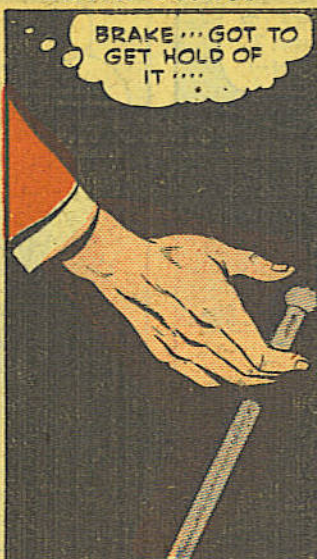
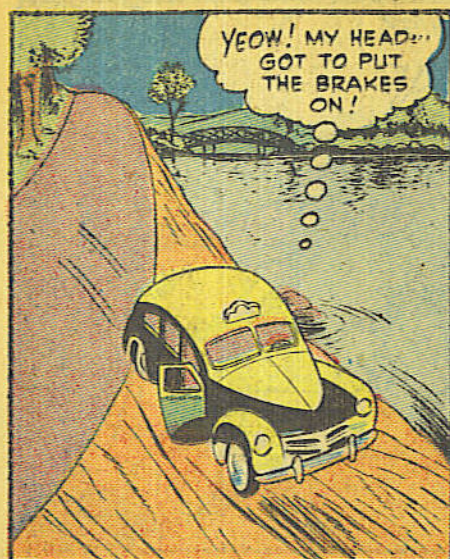
MOLLY the MODEL

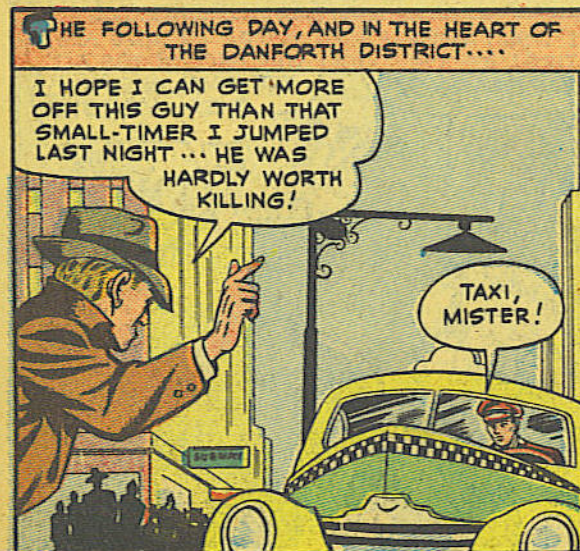
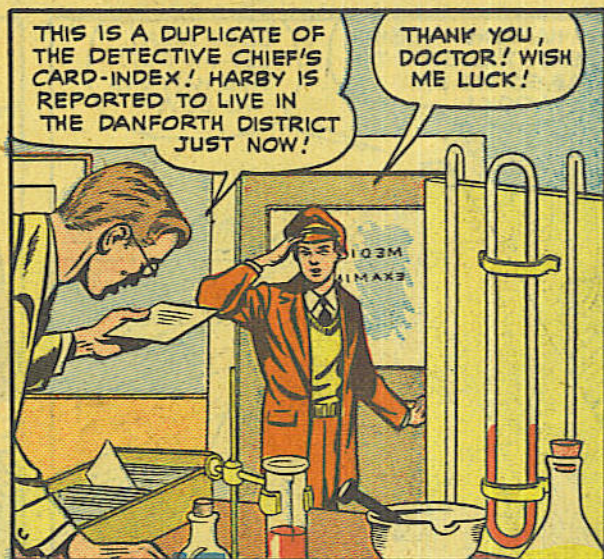
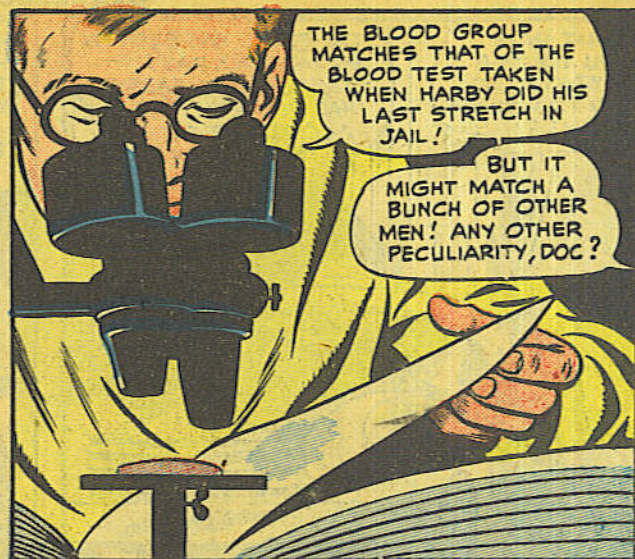
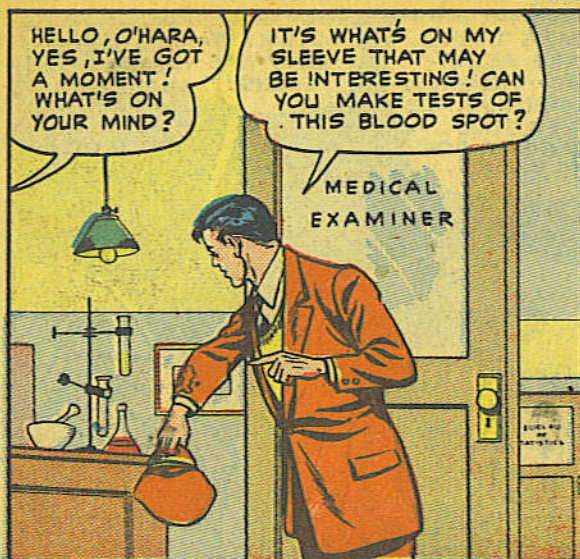


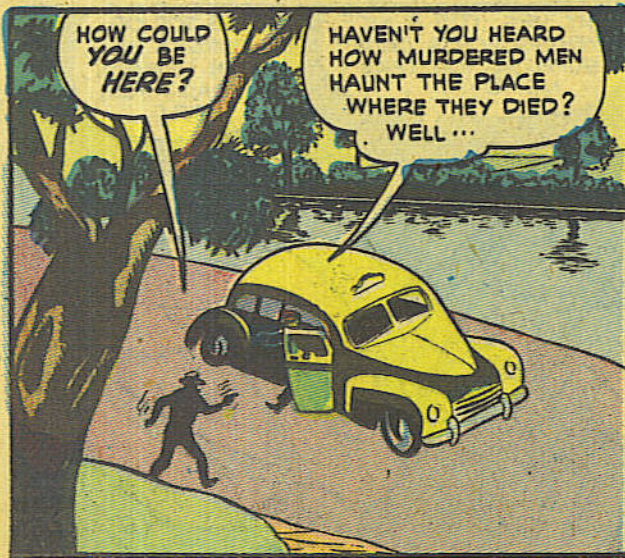
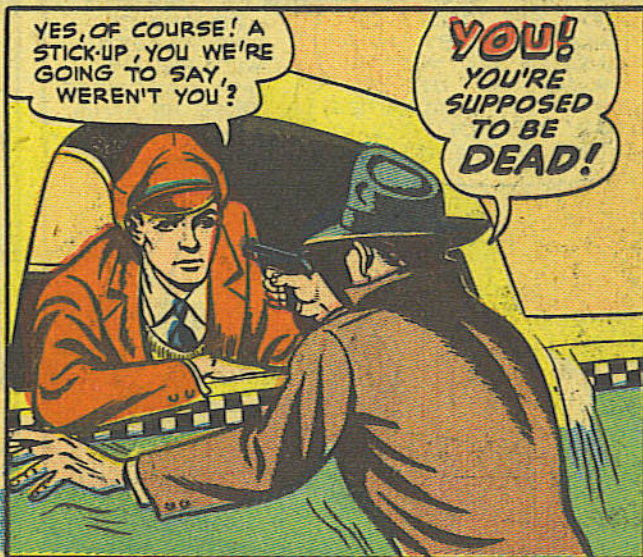
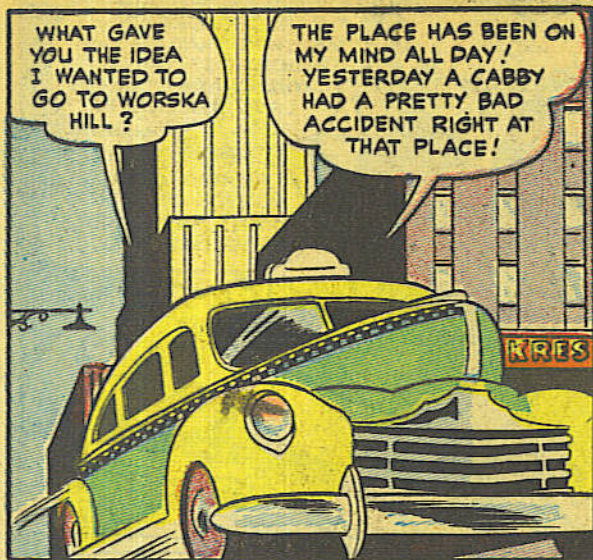
HACK O'HARA

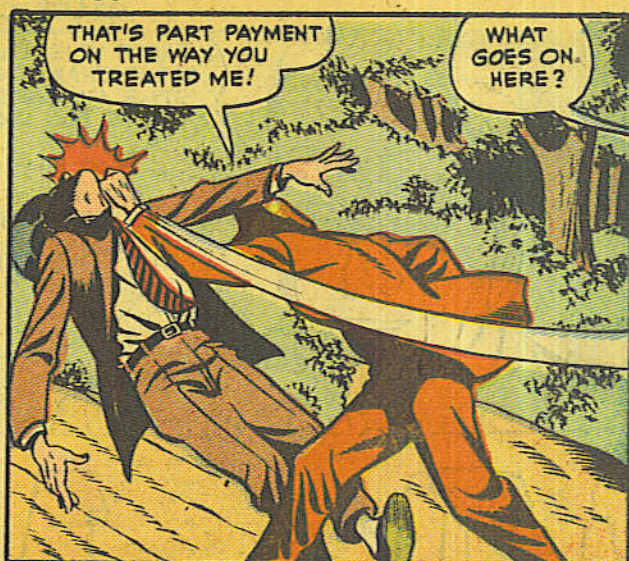


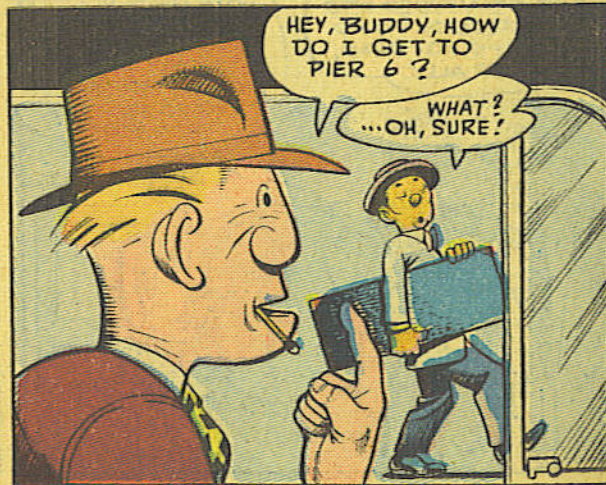
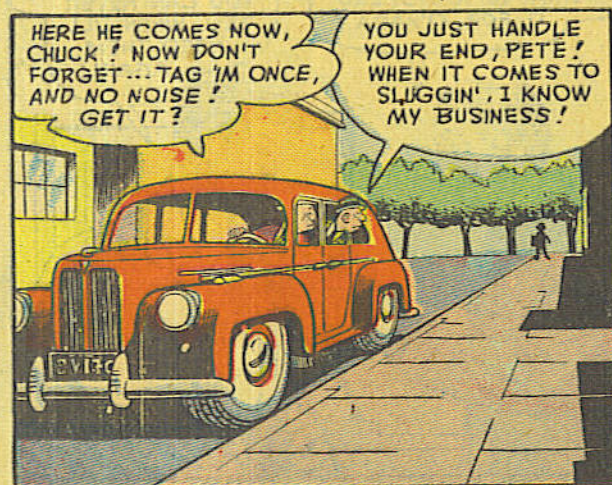
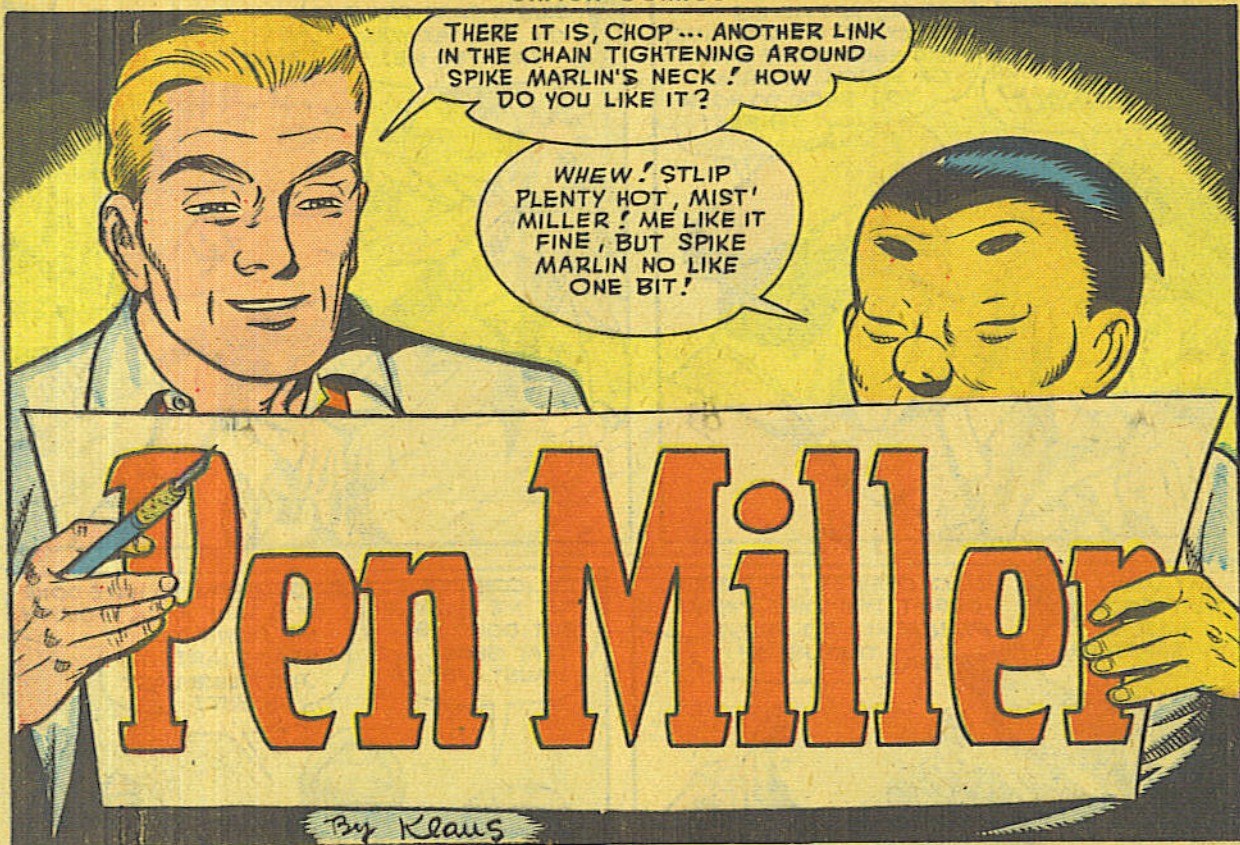


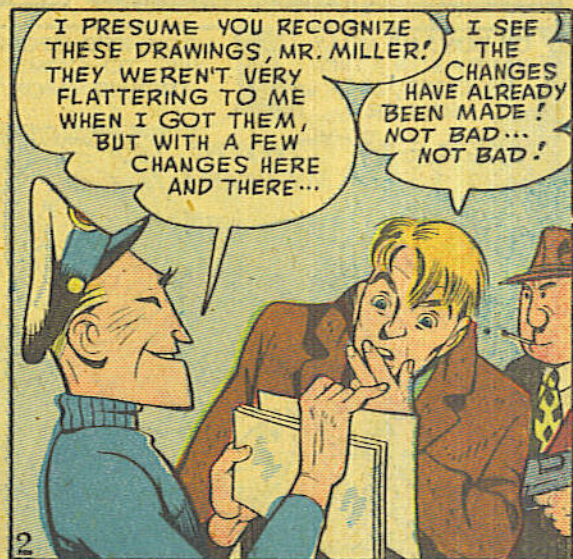
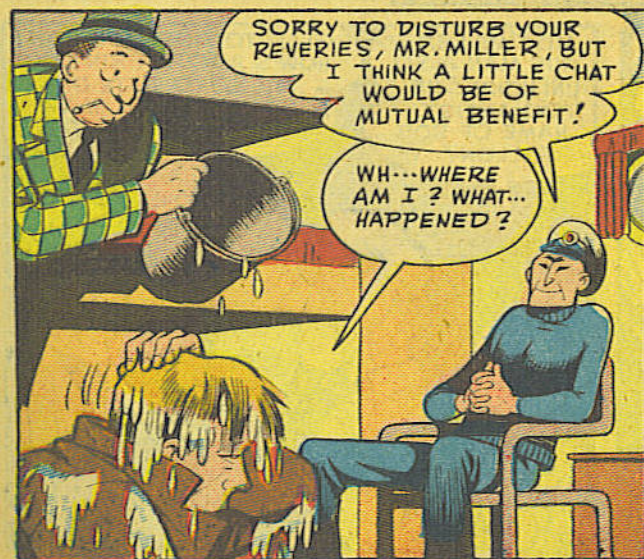
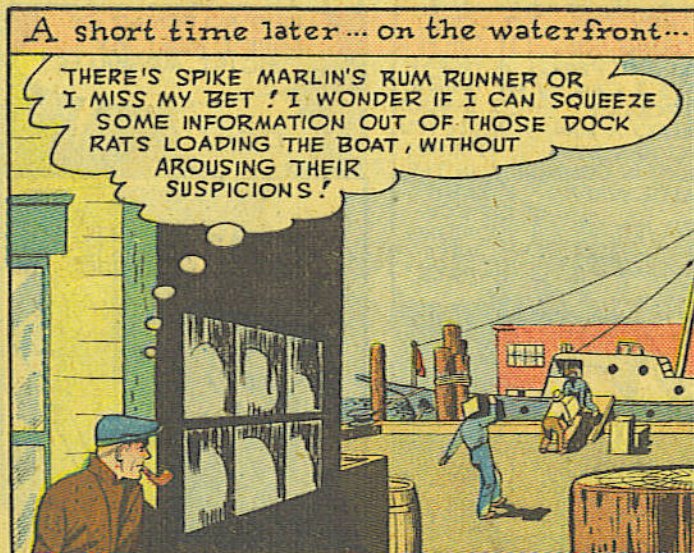


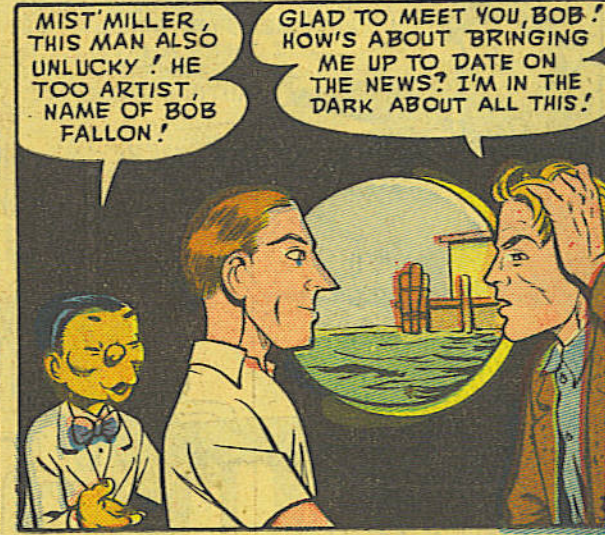
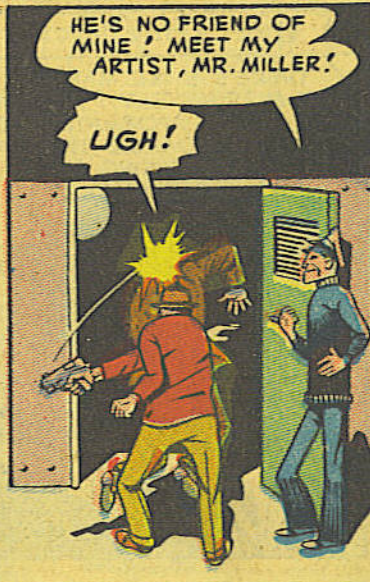
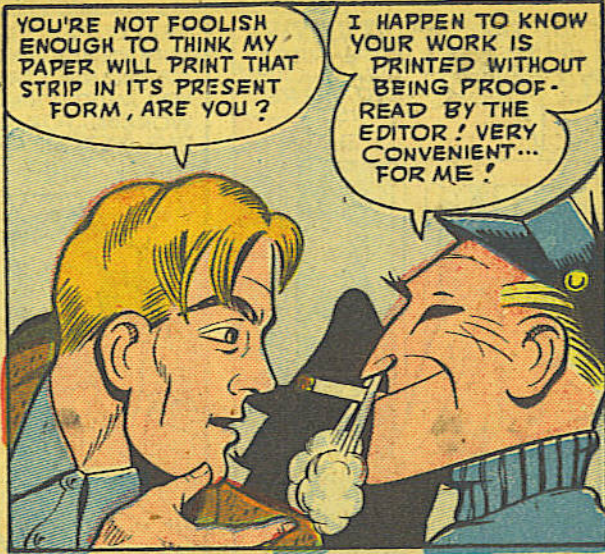
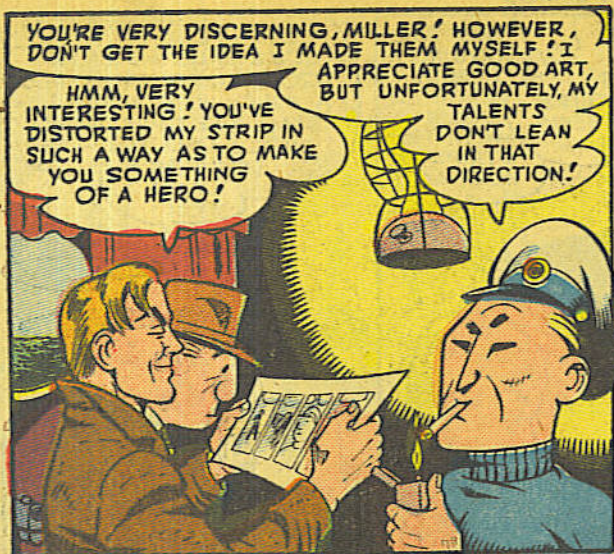


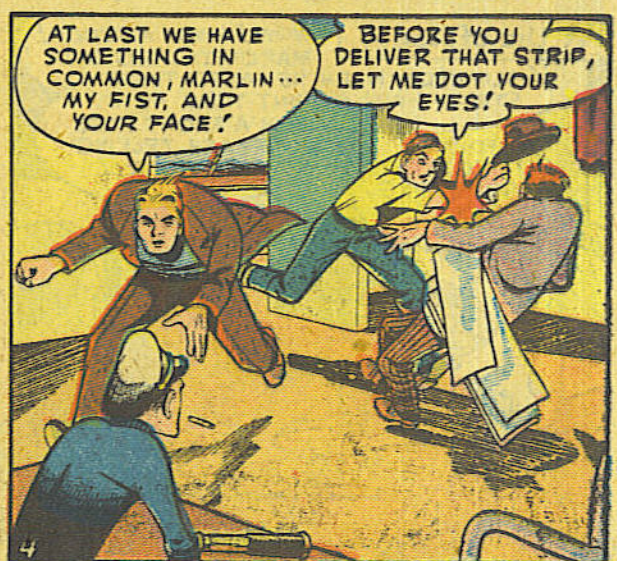
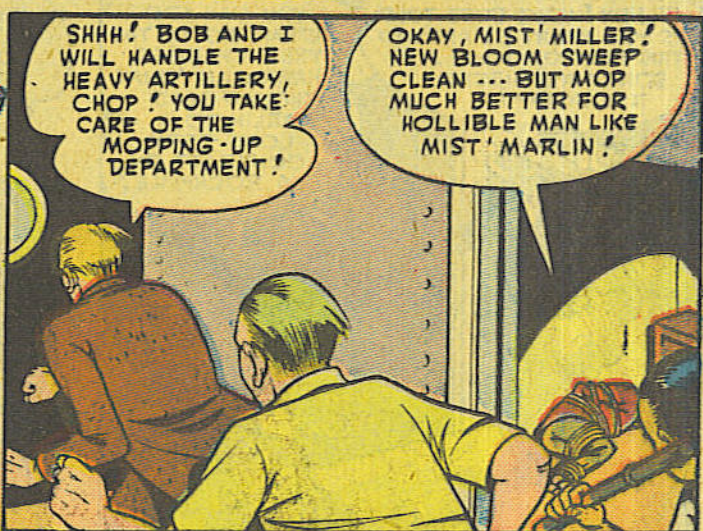
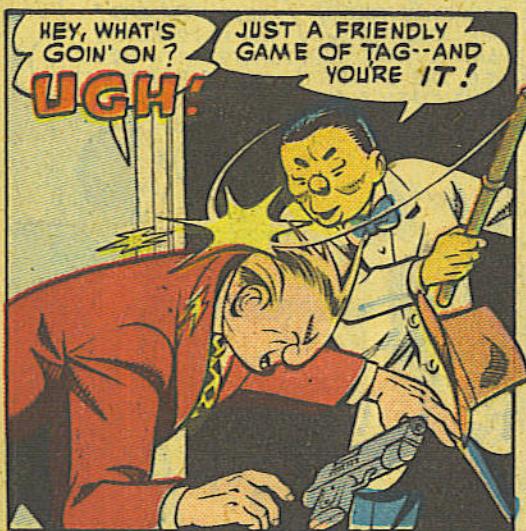
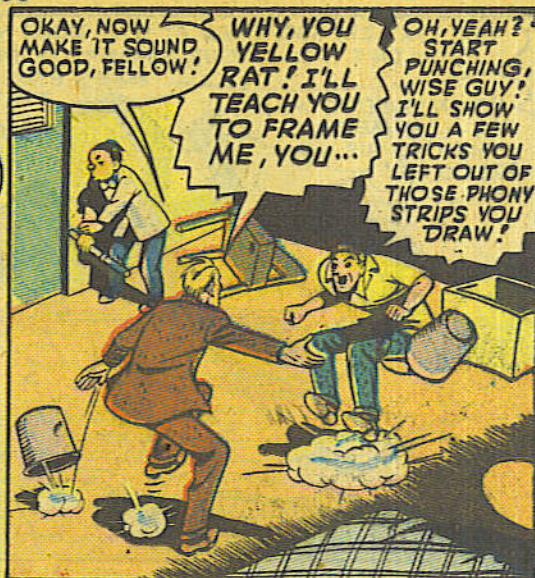


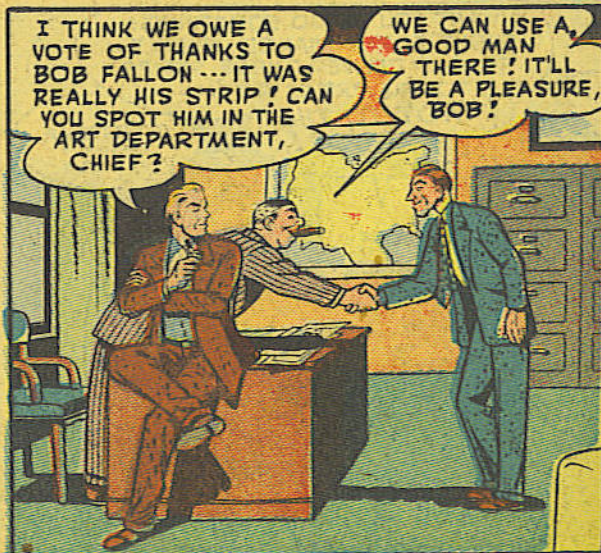
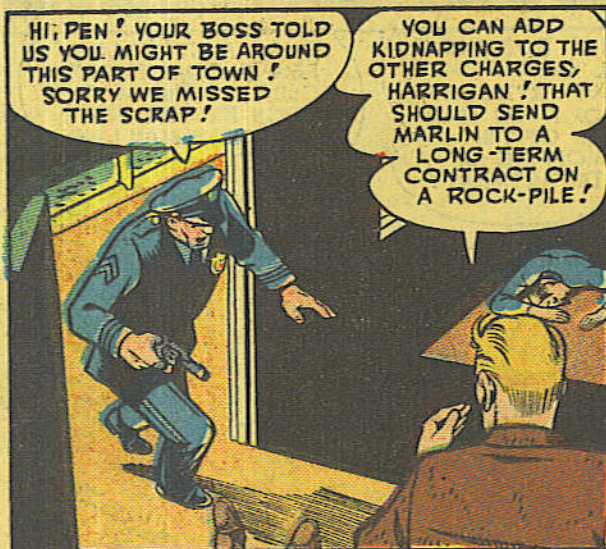
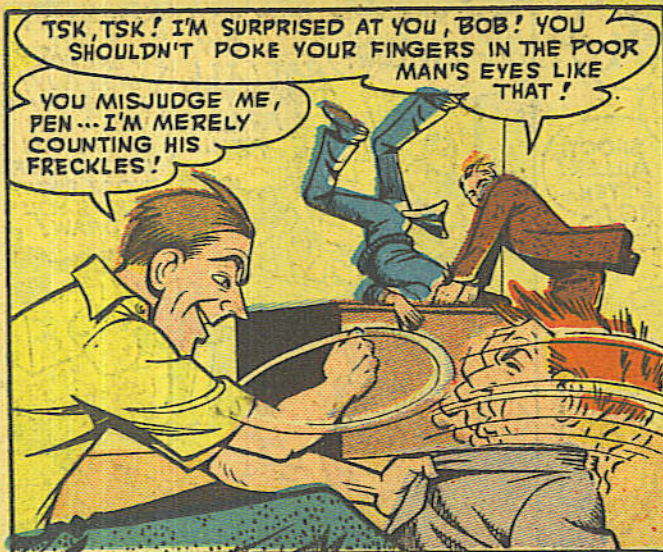










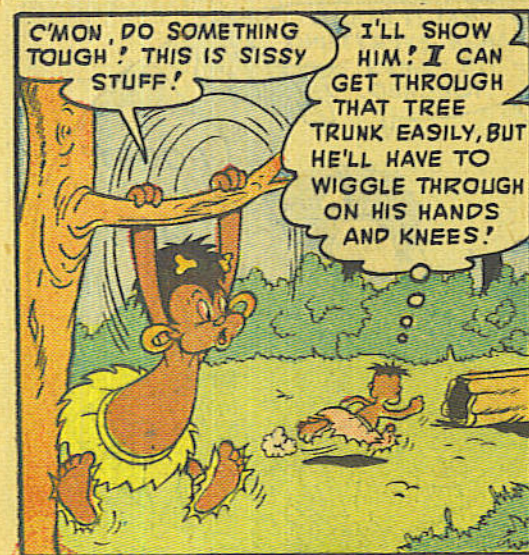
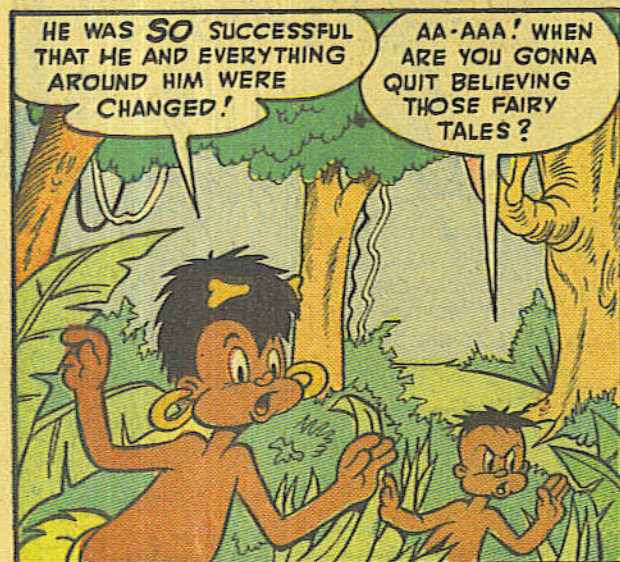
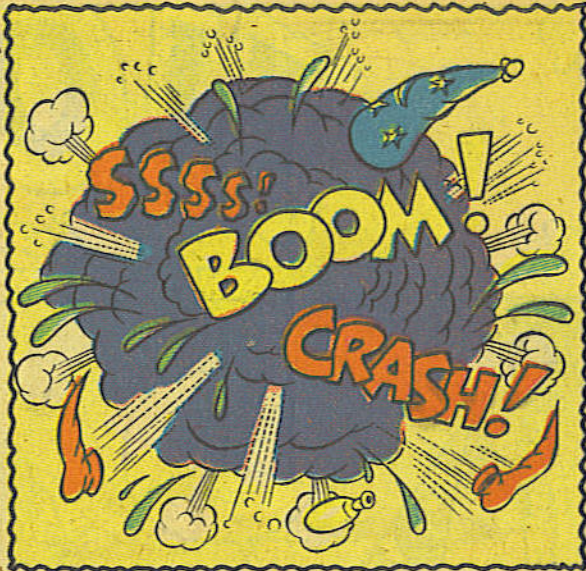


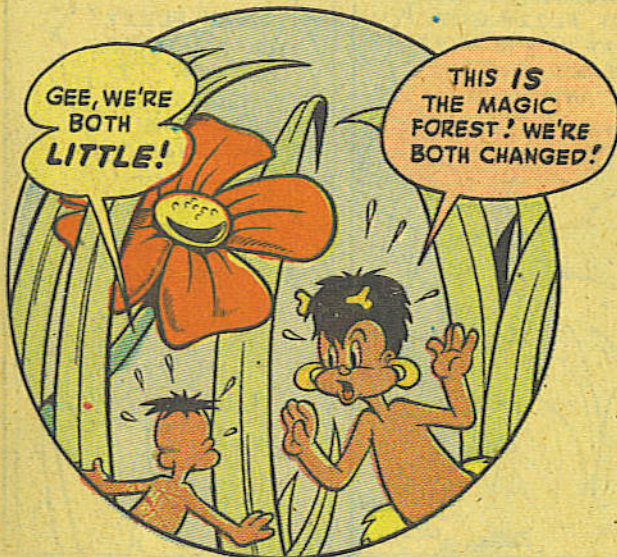
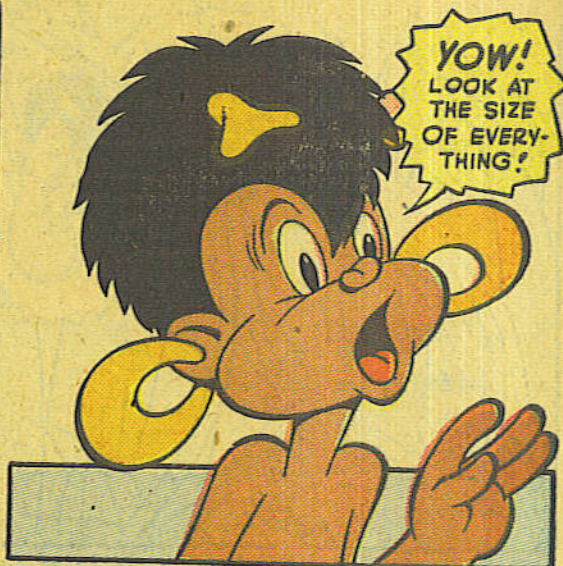
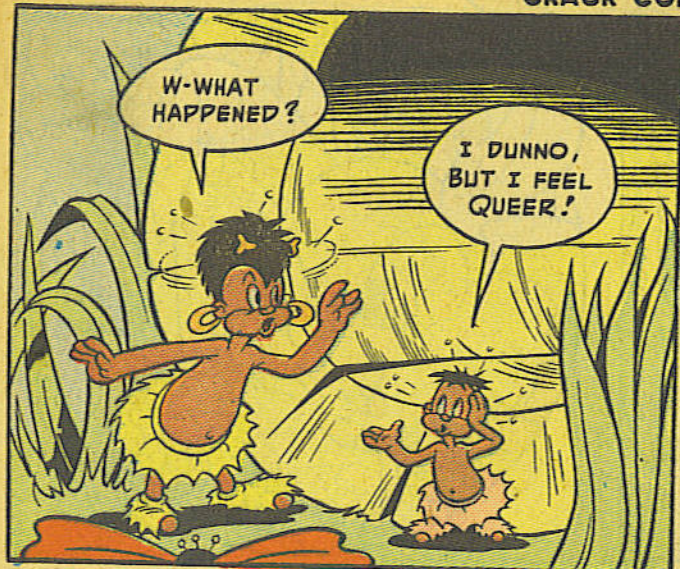
FLOOGY

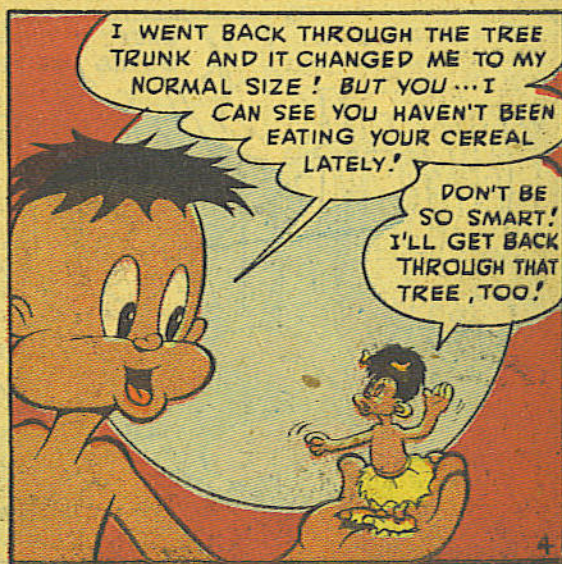
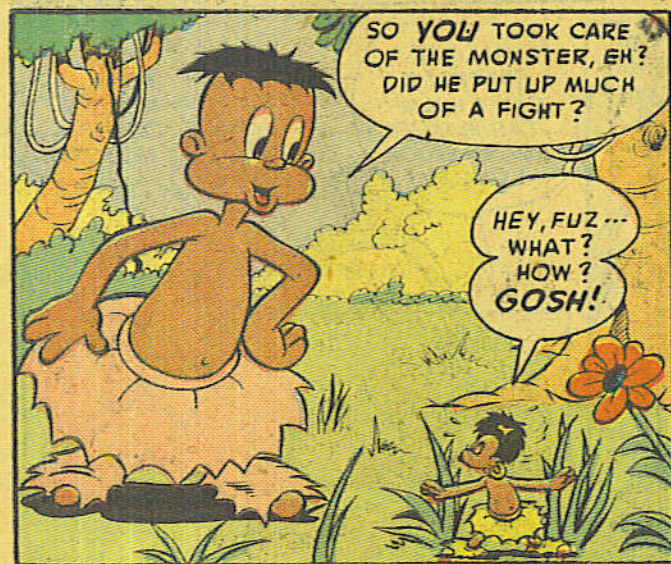
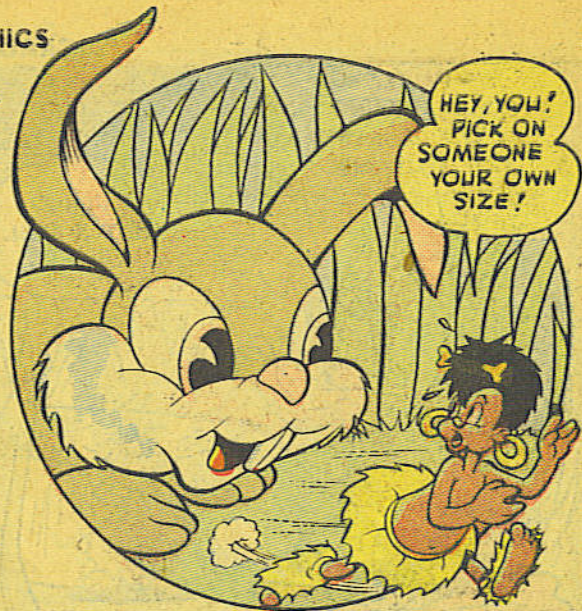
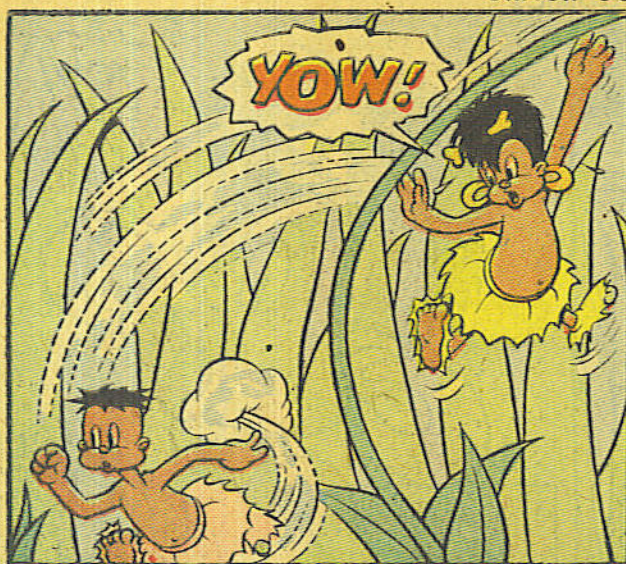
The FIJI



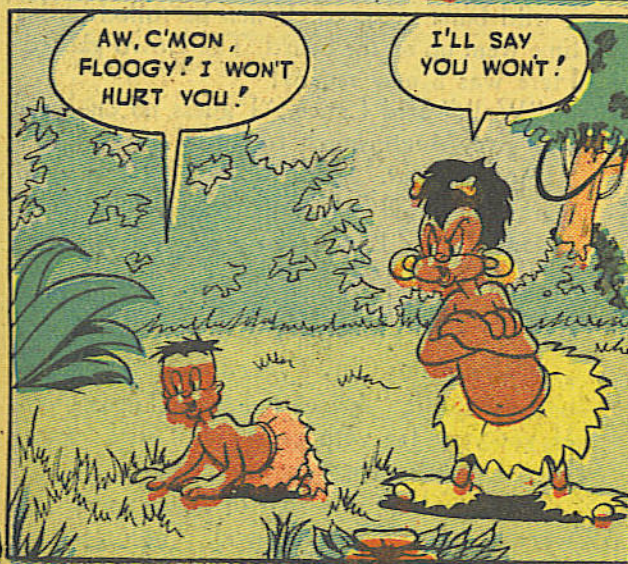
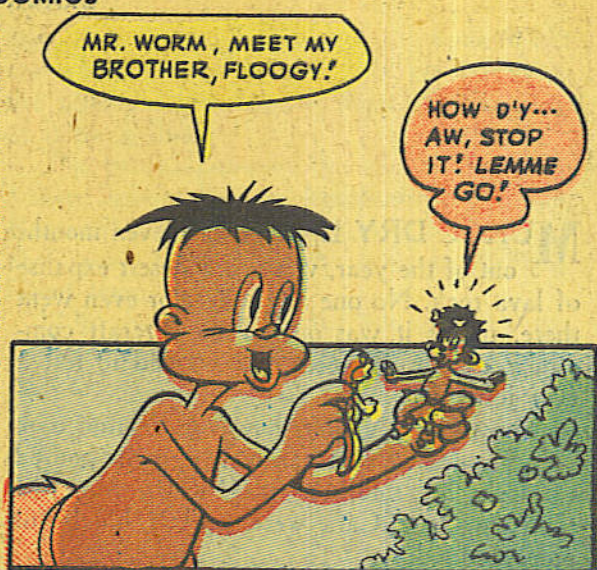
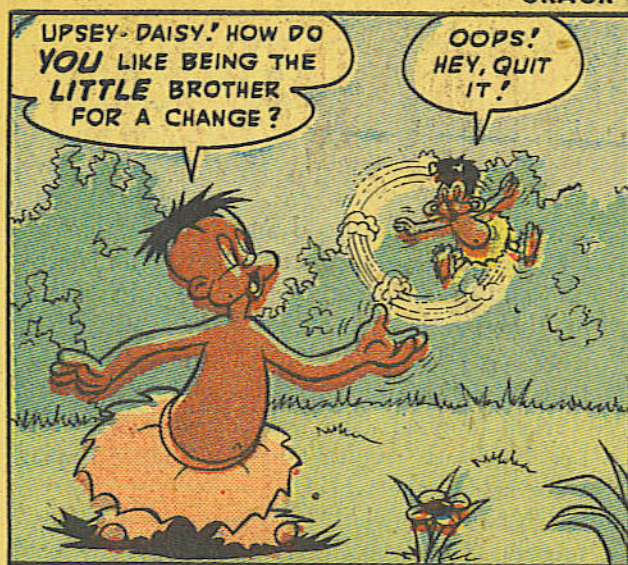
And one day he succeeded...







DON'T BE SO SMART! I'LL GET BACK THROUGH THAT TREE, TOO!



Captain TRIUMPH Wins

MUROC DRY LAKE, for eleven months out of the year, was just a desert expanse of lava rock. No one lived there or even went there, unless it was one of the aircraft companies of Los Angeles who wanted to test a new jet plane.

The twelfth month, however, Muroc took on an appearance of carnival. Crowds poured up from the southern cities, down from the northern ones. Cars were parked black for miles around.

Down in the hollow formed by the vanished inland sea, the roar and rumble was continuous. It was the annual Hot Red Races, in which youngsters drove hopped up cars for a prize.

Monte Spain owned the fastest car of the lot. Monte came from another state, and always looked upon the Dry Lake races as so much easy pickings. He always won.

"Look," he told his mechanic, "This is gonna be a push-over same as it's always been. Whaddya worryin' about?"

Mick, his mechanic, frowned. "Yeah, but Monte, they's a new guy showed up. He's got a humdinger of a jalopy. Won't let anyone see under the hood—but just listen to that mill!"

Monte held up a hand. "Listen. That him?"

A high, thin roar filled the dry lake bottom as the newcomer shot around the circle.

"Yeah," said Mick. "That's Chris Baker and his Myysery Car as he calls it."

"Pooh," said Monte. "So 'you fell for that stuff! Grow up, Mick. I'll show him and his mystery car what speed is!"

It was time for the trials. These showed the judges who had the fastest cars, who were the nerviest drivers, where each car was to be posted in the take-off.

Monte and his mechanic rolled their little red car onto the track. A roar went up from the onlookers. Monte Spain! Monte the winner!

Monte waved to the crowd and crawled into his car. Willing hands began pushing it for a start.

Perched on the hood and front fenders of a big roadster were Lance Gallant, Kim Meredith and their buddie, Biff. They were watching things with a great show of interest.

"Gee, I love races," said Lance. "I'd like to be out there myself."

Kim laughed. She was a pretty girl. "I'll bet those kids wouldn't have a chance if you were behind the wheel."

"Naw," drawled Biff, grinning good-naturedly. "What I always say is, nobody can run no car faster than Lance or Michael."

"Oh," said Kim, glancing at Lance. This was a touchy point. Michael, Lance's twin brother, had been killed in an aviation accident in 1942. The lad's death had done something to Lance, had given him a supernatural power, which he used only when the forces of evil were at work. Michael had planned to marry Kim.

"I'm sorry, pal," said Biff. "Forgot."

"It's all right, Biff. Think nothing of it. Only, speaking of Michael just then made a chill go over me."

"Why, Lance!" Kim said. "How strange."

Lance smiled, pointed to the track. "I guess that Spain kid really has something. Look at him go!"

Monte Spain roared around the track in a wild burst of speed. When he rolled in, his time went up on the board. The crowd gasped. Here was a new record!

"Well," said Lance, "I guess no one here will give Monte much trouble."

Another car, small, black, and with no markings, rolled out at the starting line.

Biff said, "Look who's here—Chris Baker!"

"Well, I'll be!" exclaimed Lance. "That sure is Chris! He's got a new car."

"Who is this Chris?" Kim wanted to know.

Lance said, "A nice lad from Texas. Never got very far with racing, but sticks somehow. I wonder where he got the new car."

Chris took off in a roar of motor sound and went tearing around the oval. The crowd sat

tense. The little black car was almost a blur as it passed the crowd.

"Say," said Lance, "if Monte has anything on Chris, it isn't much. That lad wasn't standing still!"

Chris' qualifying time went up. It was just three-fifths of a second below that of Monte.

The crowd yelled itself hoarse. Here was going to be a gruelling contest and no kidding! Two hot cars always made for fun.

"Aw, nuts," growled Monte to Mick. "So what if he is close? Mebbe I was holding her in a bit. Don't drop too much cash on Baker, pal."

Mick grinned. "Not me, Monte. I'm playing on you. Guess mebbe you was a little light on the foot in the trials, eh?"

Monte smirked. "Saving up for the real thing."

The first three events didn't include either Chris or Monte. They were the top favorites and were thus placed in the last two races, which were the big events of the meet.

During the preliminaries, one car turned over and caught fire. The driver wasn't badly hurt but his car was a wreck.

Another threw a tire tread, which put him out of the contest.

The first of the two main events came up. There were three cars—Monte's, Chris's and a blue job owned by a local boy. He had showed enough in the qualifying runs to let him in.

Whoever won both of these trials won himself a nice piece of change, besides medals and plenty of glory to brag about the rest of the year. If two drivers split the two races, the money was halved, and no medals given.

"I'd like to see Chris pick off this meet," said Lance. Kim nodded.

"Me, too, if he never has done it," she said.

The three cars came up to the line roaring, but straggled out. The flag signalling NO START was flashed down. The cars had to return and begin all over again.

The second trip was a good start. The race was on!

The three stuck close together around the first lap. Then the blue car began falling behind a trifle. Monte Spain instantly took advantage of the opening and put himself alongside Chris's car.

Now the two champs jockeyed for first place. It was an even fight for the first two

laps, then Monte began several of the tricks for which he was famous. He got and kept the pole position, having slammed Chris out of it by a fluke.

The two cars crossed the winning line with Monte Spain a half car length ahead of Chris. But while the crowds roared, Chris got out and shook hands with the winner, grinning. Good loser.

"Oh, shoot!" said Kim. "He was so close, too. Do you think Monte will win the next one?"

Lance puckered his brow. "Looks like it, Kim."

Biff said, "I don't like the looks of things, Lance."

"Meaning?"

Biff shrugged. "Call it a hunch," said the big fellow.

The two cars crossed the line perfectly and got the starting flag. They roared away around the first turn—the second—third—a full lap. On to the second. They were as one. Then Chris began drawing away slowly. The crowds cheered. But on a turn, with Chris a length ahead, Monte pulled a fast one and cut in on him, gaining the lead.

But Chris again crept up, nosing Monte's tail. Then suddenly from Monte's car came a black pall of smoke. It enveloped Chris completely. Monte's car came into the clear, still belching smoke.

"Migosh!" cried Lance. "Chris will crash sure."

Then Lance did something—rubbed a birthmark on his left wrist—that called the spirit of his dead brother Michael and made the twins one, the indomitable Captain Triumph. With a flash of light Lance was gone. Everyone heard the rending crash as Chris hit a curve and his car turned over. But no one saw the mystic figure of Captain Triumph snatch the boy from instant death just as the car was rolling on its top. No one saw it but Chris himself.

Afterwards he swore it was like a great light in the blackness of smoke that grabbed him and lifted him up, while his car turned over and over, ripping itself to pieces.

Monte Spain was barred from the tracks for using an oil injection gun that shot crude oil into the hot exhaust and thus created a cloud of black smoke.

Captain Triumph had again proved that greed and injustice were wrong.

KIKI KELLY

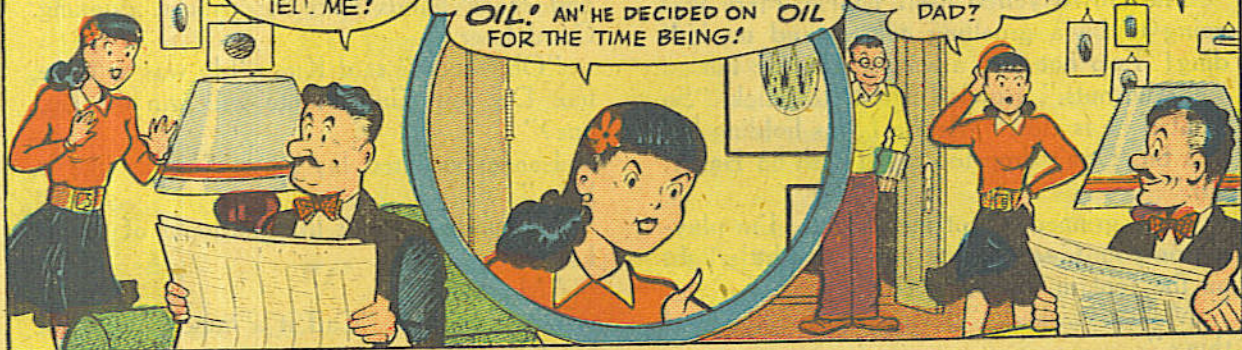
ISN'T IT TOO MARVELOUS, DAD? GOOPY IS GOING INTO THE OIL BUSINESS!

QUITE A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY, THEY TELL ME!

YES, THERE WAS SOME DOUBT IN GOOPY'S MIND WHETHER TO BE AN ENGINEER AND BUILD BRIDGES OR GO INTO OIL! AN' HE DECIDED ON OIL FOR THE TIME BEING!

BUT BUILDING BRIDGES IS A LITTLE MORE ROMANTIC, DON'T YOU THINK, DAD?

OH, POSSIBLY... BUT IF DESTINY DECREES THAT HE BE A BIG OIL MAN... WELL, AN HONEST BUCK IS AN HONEST BUCK, I SUPPOSE!



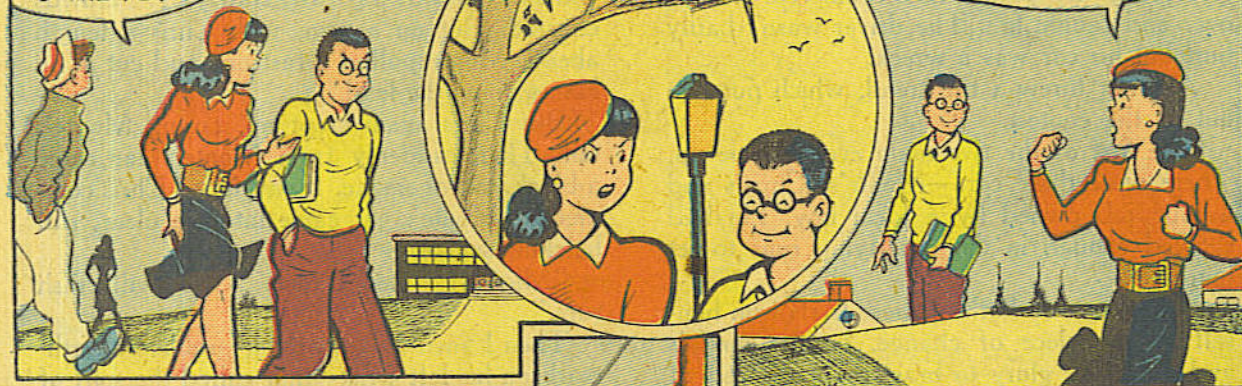
OF COURSE, HE HASN'T A BIG JOB TO BEGIN WITH, BUT GOOPY'S THE TYPE WHO'LL GO RIGHT TO THE TOP!

WHO TOLD YOU THAT... HIM?

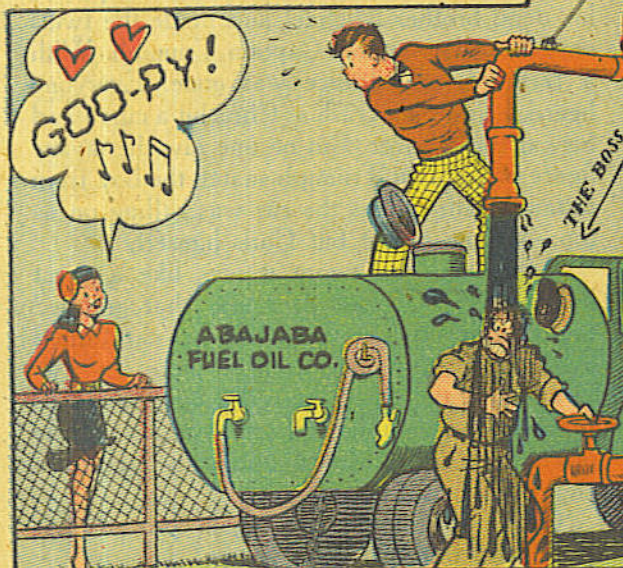
WHAT IF HE DID, HERKIMER JONES?

IF YOU ASK ME, HE'S POURING IT ON A BIT!

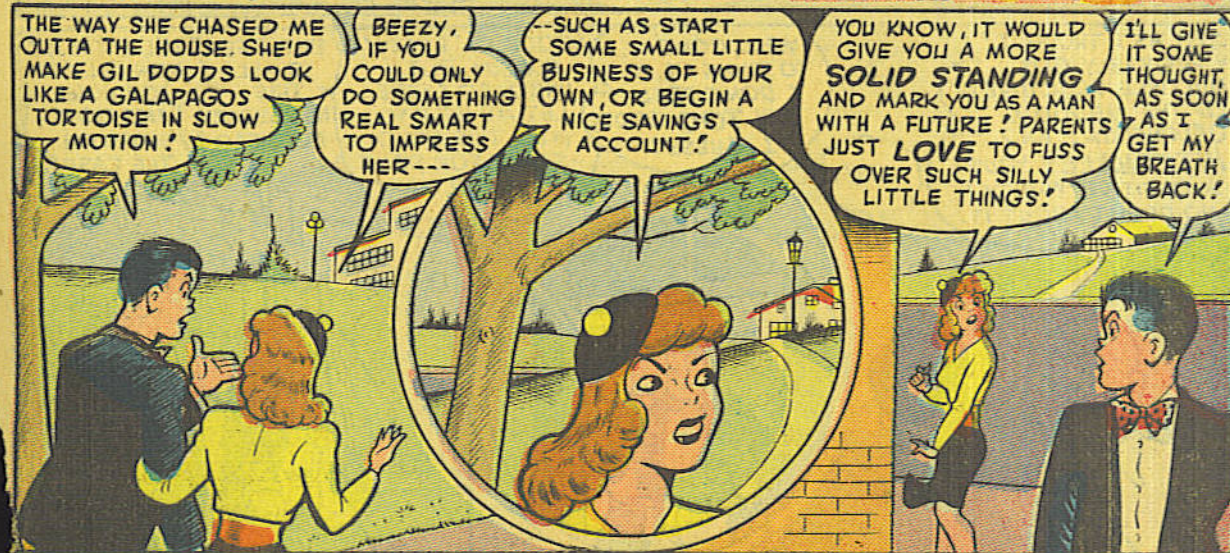
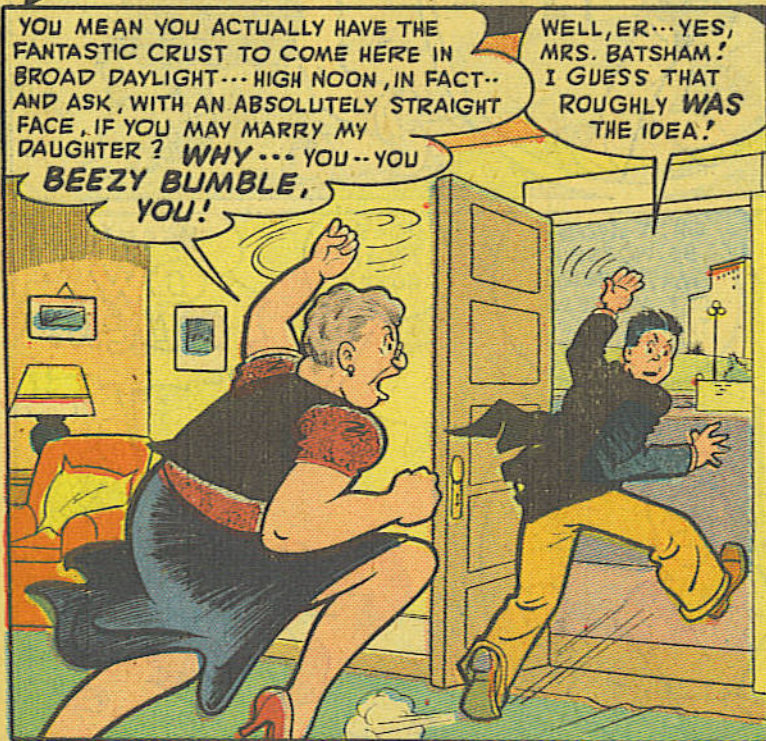
GOOD DAY, HERKIMER! I'M GOING STRAIGHT DOWN TO WHERE HE WORKS, NOW, AND SHOW HIM THERE'S ONE PERSON WHO HAS FAITH IN HIS FUTURE!



♥ ♥
GOO-PY!
♪ ♪



BEEZY



Later...

START IN A BUSINESS...
AMASS A BANK ACCOUNT!
WHY DOES A SACRED THING
LIKE LOVE ALWAYS HAVE TO
BE MESSED UP WITH SUCH
SORDID COMMERCIAL
PUZZLES?

AND HOW DOES ONE
GO ABOUT **ACHIEVING**
THESE **ARABIAN**
NIGHT MIRACLES?

OOPS!

HEY, BEEZY!
I SAW YA FALL!
Y'HURT? PRETTY
BAD, I GUESS, EH?

NO, NOT MUCH!
JUST SKINNED
MY SHINS A
BIT!

OH, IT **MUST**
BE WORSE'N
THAT! HERE,
LET ME FEEL
THAT ARM AND
THAT **LEG!**

DOES
THAT
HURT?

YEAH!
OW!
OUCH!

JUST AS I THOUGHT!
Y'PROBABLY GOT
MULTIPLE FRACTURES
OF THE MEDULLA
OBLONGATA! AND
INTERNALLY YOU'RE
A POSITIVE WRECK!
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!

HUH?

WELL, COME
TO THINK OF IT,
I DON'T FEEL
ANY **TOO GOOD**,
I GUESS!

GOOD OL' BEEZY!
BLOODY, BUT
UNBOWED! HERE,
LET ME HELP YOU
INTO THIS DRUG
STORE FOR SOME
FIRST AID, MAN!

BUT, GEE,
IS ALL
THIS
NECESSARY,
EGGHEAD?

I'LL SAY IT IS!
NOW I'LL GET
YOU HOME
AND GO TO
WORK ON
THE CASE!

DRUGS

SODA

THE FOLKS AIN'T HOME YET, BUT JUST WHAT PLANS YOU GOT ANYWAY, EGGHEAD?

NOW, LOOK, BEEZY, YOU'RE TOO SICK A MAN TO WORRY ABOUT THE **BUSINESS** END OF THIS TRAGEDY! LEAVE THAT TO **ME!** WE'RE GONNA MAKE THE OWNER OF THAT PROPERTY PAY DAMAGES! **PLENTY!**

BUT...

QUIET! ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS GET WELL!

BUT NOT TOO FAST, FOR PETE'S SAKE!

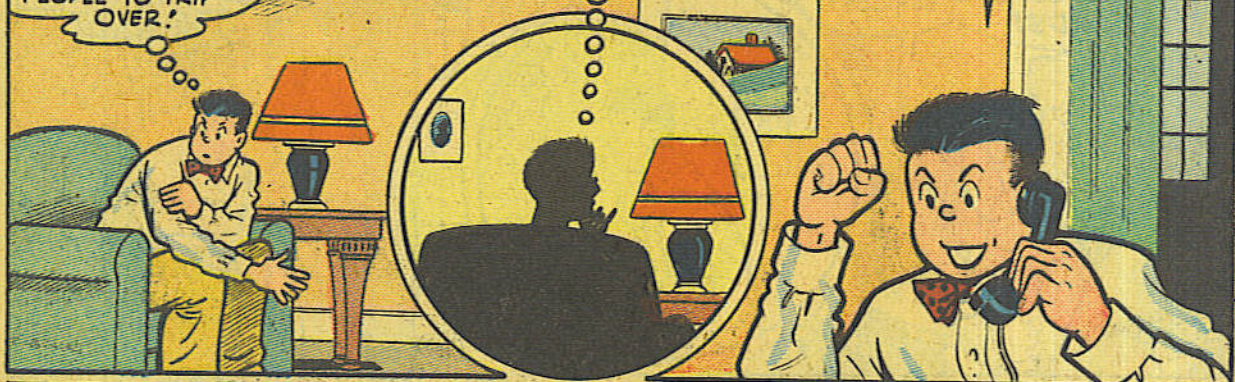
SINCE EGGHEAD'S BEEN CLERKIN' IN THAT LAWYER'S OFFICE, HE'S BEEN ITCHIN' LIKE CRAZY TO DIG UP A JOB ON HIS OWN HOOK! AND IT LOOKS LIKE **I'M THE JOB!**



BUT ANYWAY, MAYBE I **DO** HAVE A BROKEN BONE OR TWO SOME-PLACE... AND THAT OWNER **WAS** KINDA CARELESS, LEAVIN' PIPES AROUND FOR PEOPLE TO TRIP OVER!

IF HE **DID** WIN ME SOME SMALL AWARD, IT MIGHT BE JUST ENOUGH TO START ME IN THAT LITTLE BUSINESS OR BANK ACCOUNT THAT ELISSA MENTIONED!

HELLO, ELISSA! THIS IS BEEZY! STRICTLY ON THE Q.T. I GOT GREAT NEWS FOR YA!

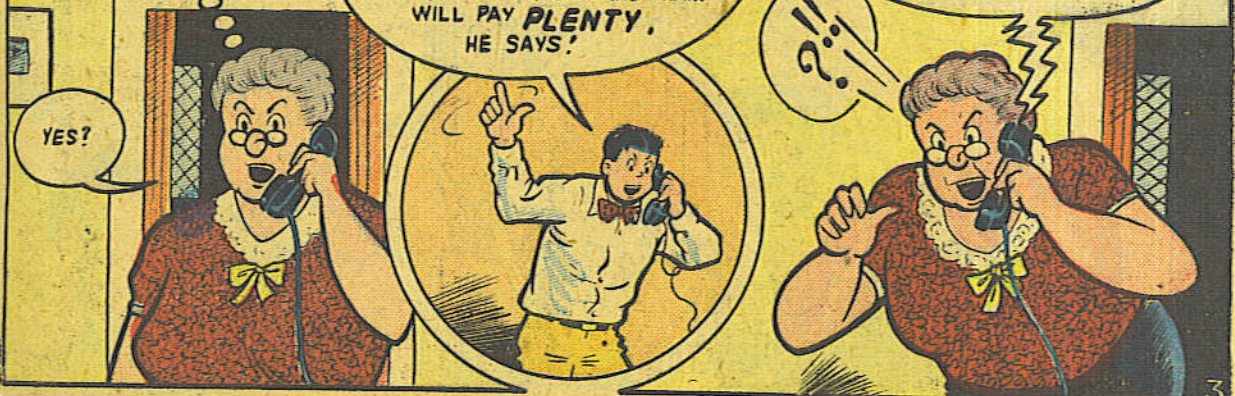


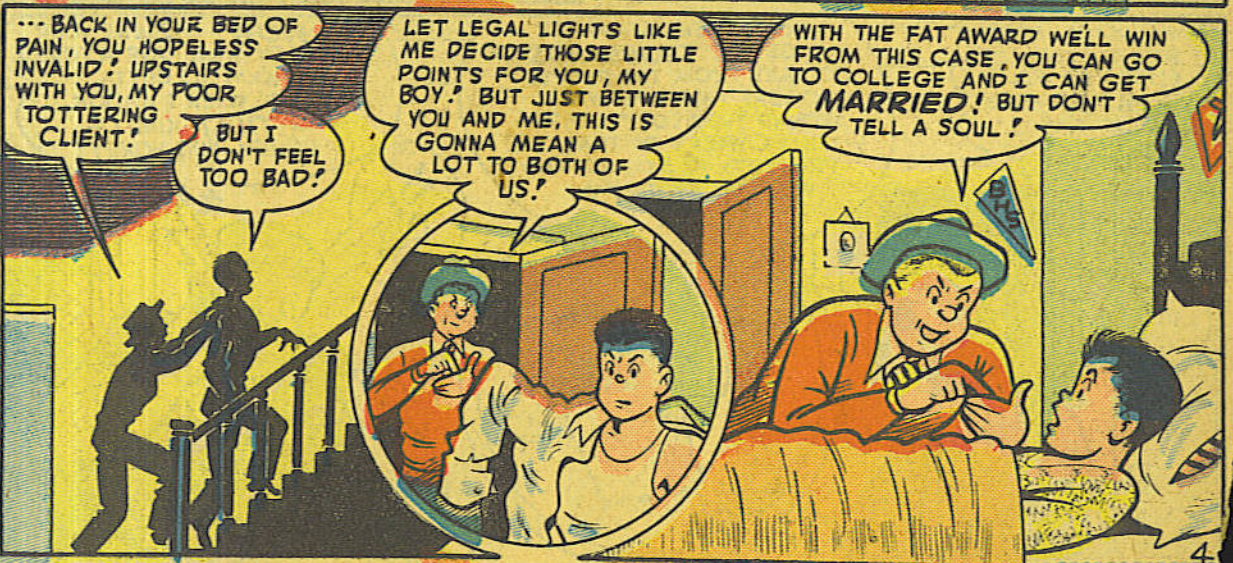
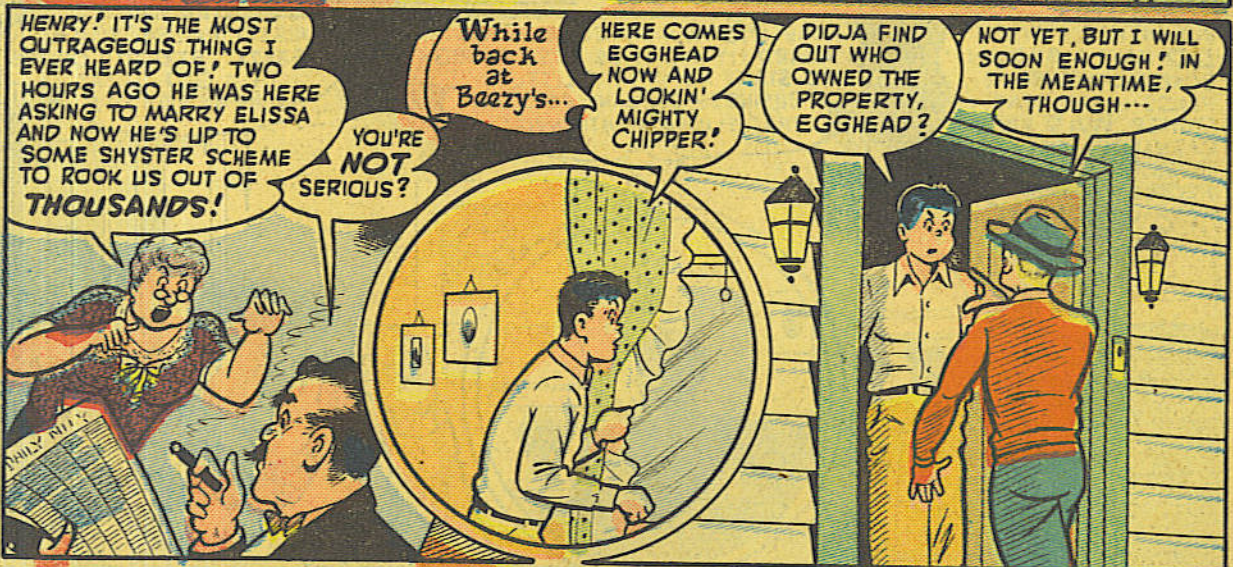
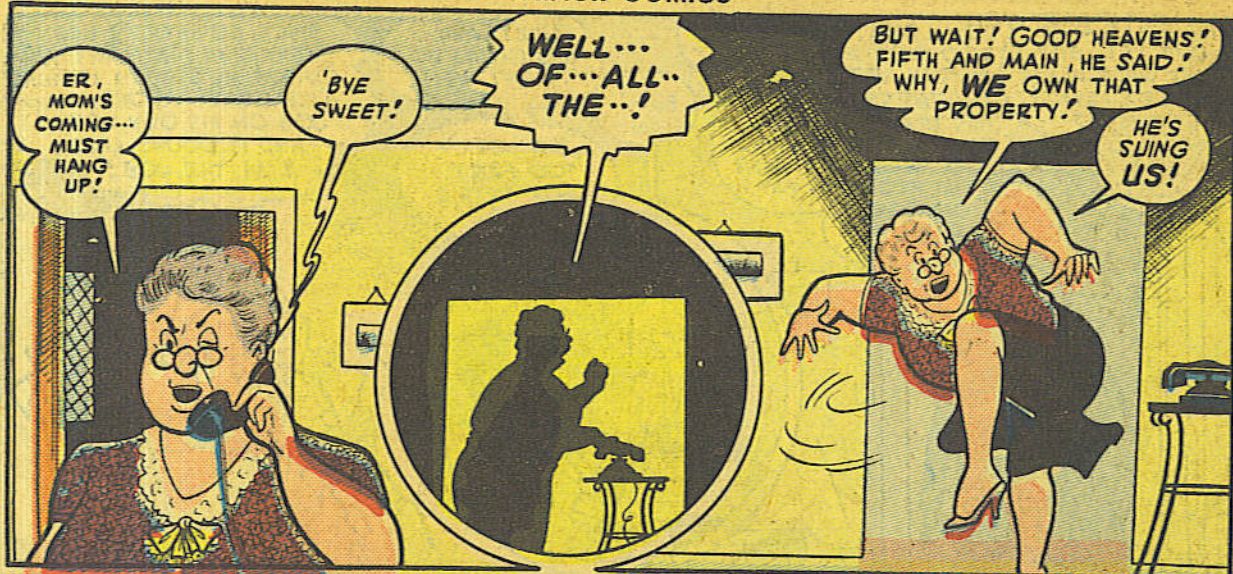
MY VOICE MUST SOUND LIKE ELISSA'S! WELL, I **MUST** HEAR WHAT THIS IS!

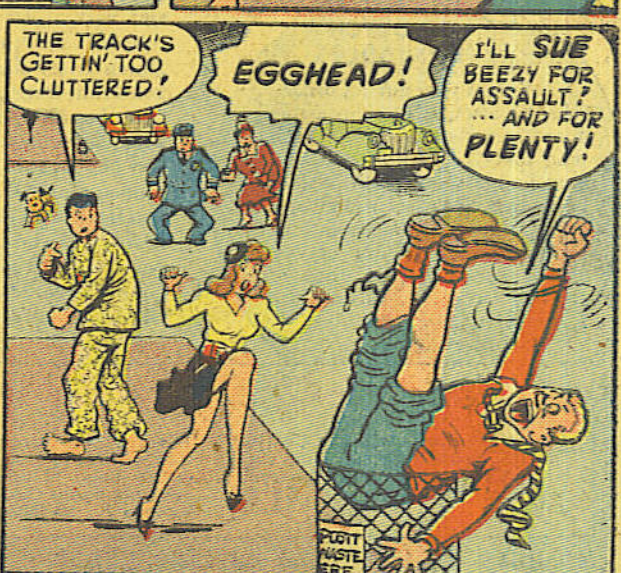
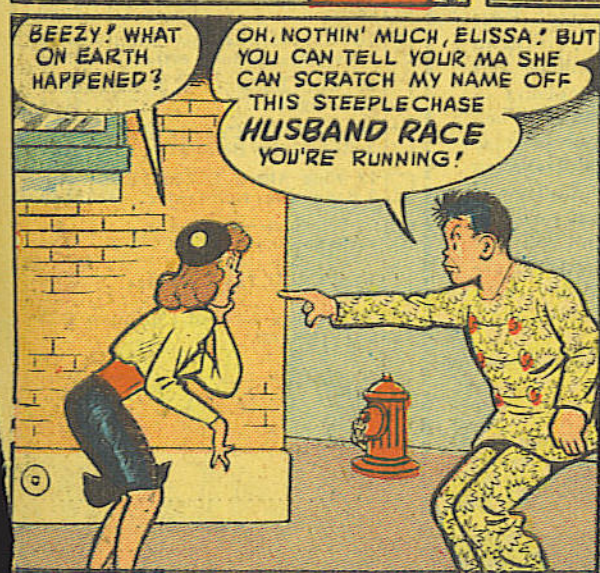
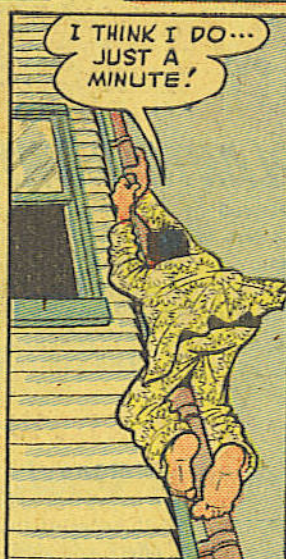
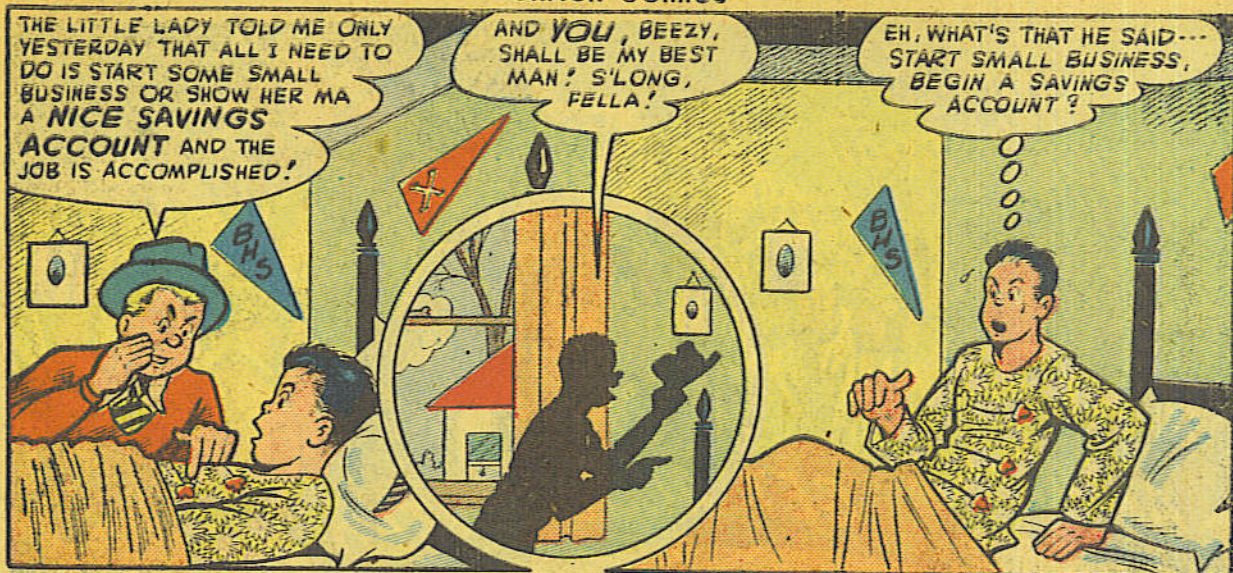
...AND, ELISSA, MY LAWYER MAY GET ME **THOUSANDS** OF DOLLARS FROM THE PEOPLE WHO LEFT THAT PIPE LYING AROUND THEIR LOT! YEP, THE SILLY OWNERS OF THAT PROPERTY AT 5TH AND MAIN WILL PAY **PLENTY**, HE SAYS!

AND **WOW!** I GUESS YOUR OLD LADY WILL HAVE A TOUGH TIME TALKIN' US OUTTA MARRYIN' WHEN I WALKIN' WITH **THAT** KIND OF DOUGH, HUH, HONEY?

YES?







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OUR FAMOUS HARDY PLANTING STOCK

Dozens of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment . . . Darwin, Triumph, Breeder, and Cottage Tulips for remarkable low cost of less than 2c per bulb. Our prize selection of famous young especially selected strain and smaller because they are first and second year bulbs—1½" to 2¼" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Selected by Dutch-American growers and inspected by the State Department of Agriculture. Will fill your garden with blazing color ranging from delicate pastel shades to bold flaming hues. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

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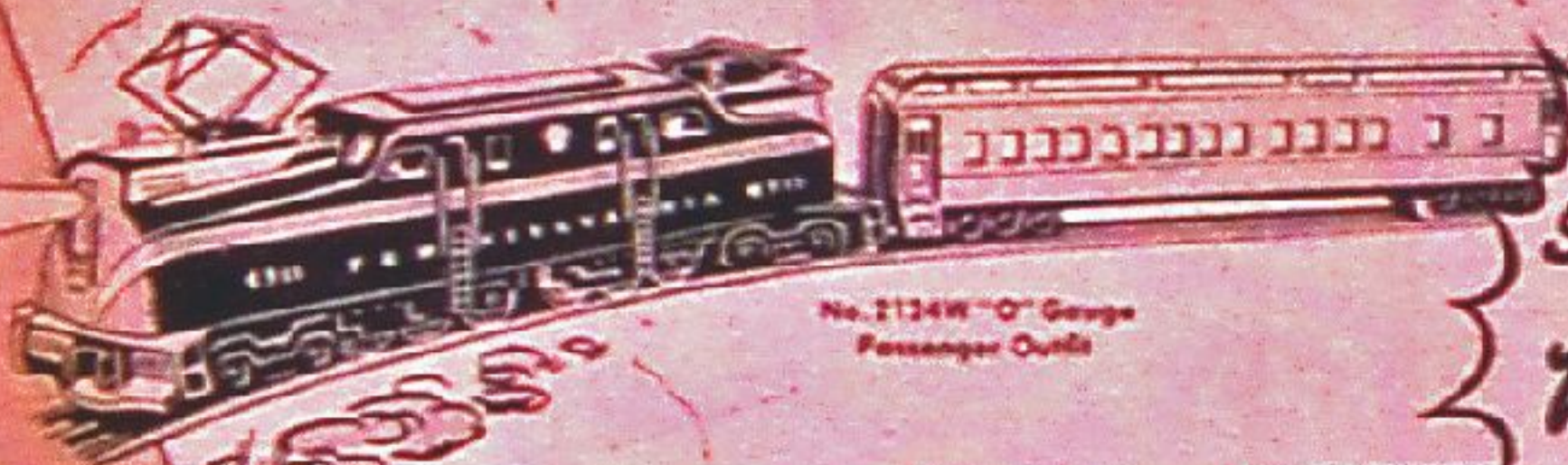
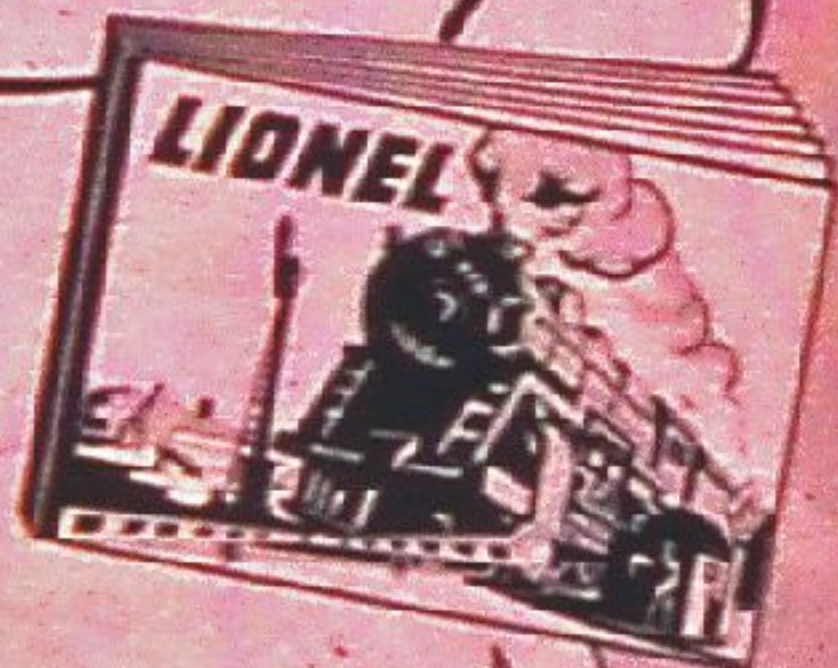
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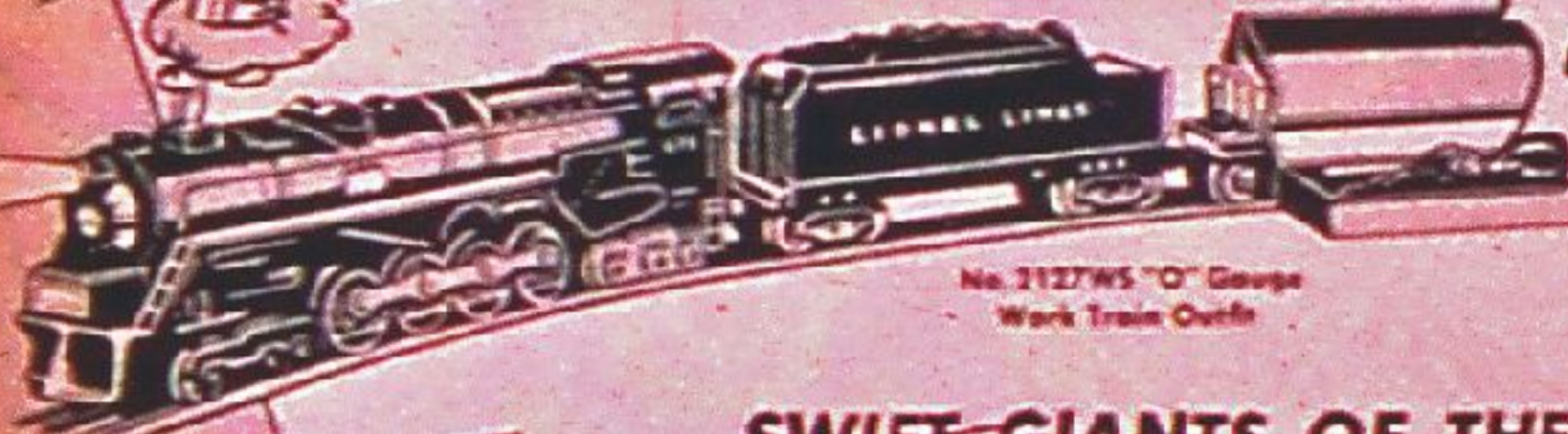
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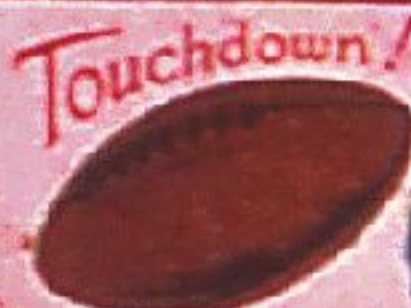
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